National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

Speeches of Wendell Phillips.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS,

At the Melodeon, Wednesday evening, Jan. 28, 1852.

Phonographically Reported for the Liberator, by J. M. W. Yerrinton.

MR. PRESIDENT—I have been thinking, while sitting in this meeting, of the different situations of the Anti-Slavery cause now and one year ago, when the last anniversary of this Society was held. To some, it may seem that we had more sources of interest and of public excitement on that occasion than we have now. We had with us, during a portion, at least, of that session, the eloquent advocate of our cause on the other side of the water. We had the local excitement and the deep interest which the first horror of the Fugitive Slave Bill had aroused. We had, I believe, in our midst, some fugitives just arrived from the house of bondage. It may seem to many, that, meeting as we do to-day robbed of all these, we can calculate only on a session more monotonous and less effectual in arousing the community. But, when we look over the whole land, when we look back upon the scenes which have transpired in our own Commonwealth, at Christiana, at Syracuse, at the passage through the country of the great Hungarian, at the present state of the public mind, it seems to me that no year, during the existence of the Society, has presented more encouraging aspects to the Abolitionists. The views which our friend (Parker Pillsbury) has just presented are those which, in our most sober calculation, we ought to rely upon. Give us time, and, as he has said, talk is almighty. We are apt to feel ourselves overshadowed in the presence of colossal institutions. We are apt, in coming up to a meeting of this kind, to ask what a few hundred or a few thousand persons can do against the weight of government, the mountainous odds of majorities, the influence of the press, the power of the pulpit, the organization of parties, the omnipotence of wealth. At times, to carry a favourite purpose, leading statesmen have endeavoured to cajole the people into the idea that this age was like the past, and that a 'rub-a-dub agitation,' as ours is contemptuously styled, was only to be despised. The time has been when, as our friend observed, from the steps of the Revere House—yes, and from the depots of New York railroads—Mr. Webster has described this Anti-Slavery movement as a succession of lectures in school-houses—the mere efforts of a few hundred men and women to talk together, excite each other, arouse the public, and its only result a little noise. He knew better. He knew better the times in which he lived. No matter where you meet a dozen earnest men pledged to a new idea—wherever you have met them, you have met the beginning of a revolution. Revolutions are not made, they come. A revolution is as natural a growth as an oak. It comes out of the past. Its foundations are laid far back. The child feels; he grows into a man, and thinks; another, perhaps, speaks, and the world acts out the thought. And this is the history of modern society. Men undervalue the Anti-Slavery movement, because they imagine you can put your finger on some illustrious moment in history and say, here commenced the great change which has come over the nation. Not so. The beginning of great changes is like the rise of the Mississippi. A child must stoop and gather away the pebbles to find it. But soon it swells on broader and broader, bears on its ample bosom the navies of a mighty Republic, fills the Gulf, and divides a continent.

I remember a story of Napoleon, that illustrates my meaning. We are apt to trace his control of France to some noted victory, to the time when he camped in the Tuileries, or when he dissolved the Assembly by the stamp of his foot. He reigned, in fact, when his hand was first felt on the helm of the vessel of State, and that was far back of the time when he had conquered in Italy, or his name had been echoed over two continents. It was on the day when five hundred irresolute men were met in that Assembly which called itself, and pretended to be, the government of France. They heard that the mob of Paris was to come down upon them, thirty thousand strong, to turn them, as usual in those days, out of doors. And where did this seemingly great power go for its support and refuge? They sent Tallien to seek out a boy lieutenant—the shadow of an officer—so thin and pallid, that when he was placed on the stand before the President of the Assembly, that officer, fearful, if the fate of France rested on the shrunken form, the ashy cheek before him, that all hope was gone, asked, 'Young man, can you protect the Assembly?' And the ashen lips of the Corsican boy parted only to reply—'I always do what I undertake.' Then and there Napoleon ascended his throne; and the next day, from the steps of St. Roche, thundered forth the cannon that taught the mob of Paris, for the first time, that it had a master. That was the commencement of the Empire. So the Anti-Slavery movement commenced unpiereed in that 'obscure hole' which Mayor Otis could not find, occupied by a printer and a black boy.

In working these great changes, in such an age as ours, the so-called statesman has far less influence than the little men who, at various points, are silently maturing a regeneration of public opinion. This is a reading and thinking age, and great interests at stake quicken the general intellect. Stagnant times have been when a great mind, anchored in error, might snug the slow-moving current of society. Such is not our era. Nothing but Freedom, Justice and Truth is of any permanent advantage to the mass of mankind. To these society, left to itself, is always tending. In our day, great questions about them have called forth all the energies of the common mind. Error suffers sad treatment in the shock of eager intellects. 'Everybody,' said Talleyrand, 'is clearer than anybody'; and any name, however illustrious, which links itself to abuses, is sure to be overwhelmed by the impetuous current of that society which (thanks to the press and a reading public) is potent, always, to clear its own channel. Thanks to the Printing Press, the people now do their own thinking, and statesmen, as they are styled—men in office, have ceased to be either the leaders or the clogs of society.

This view is one that Mr. Webster ridiculed in the depots of New York. The time has come when he is obliged to change his tone; when he is obliged to retrace his steps—to acknowledge the nature and the character of the age in which he lives. Kossuth comes to this country—penniless, and an exile; conquered on his own soil; flung out as a weed upon the waters: nothing but his voice left—and the Secretary of State must meet him. Now, let us see what he says of his 'rub-a-dub agitation,' which consists of the voice only—of the tongue, which our friend Pillsbury has described. This is that 'tongue' that the impudent statesman declared, from the drunken steps of the Revere House, ought to be silenced—this tongue, which was a 'rub-a-dub agitation' to be despised, when he spoke to the farmers of New York.

He says—'We are too much inclined to underrate the power of moral influence.' Who is? Nobody but a Revere House statesman. 'We are too much inclined to underrate the power of moral influence, and the influence of public opinion, and the influence of the principles to which great men—the lights of the world and of the present age—have given their sanction. Who doubts, that in our struggle for liberty and independence, the majestic eloquence of Chatham, the profound reasoning of Burke, the burning satire and irony of Col. Barre, had influences upon our fortunes here in America? They had influences both ways. They tended, in the first place, somewhat to diminish the confidence of the British ministry in their hopes of success, in attempting to subjugate an injured people. They had influence another way, because all along the coasts of the country—and all our people in that day lived upon the coast—there was not a reading man who did not feel stronger, bolder and more determined in the assertion of his rights, when these exhilerating accents from the two Houses of Parliament reached him from beyond the seas.'

'I thank thee, Jew!' This rub-a-dub agitation, then, has influence both ways. It diminishes the confidence of the Administration in its power to execute the Fugitive Slave Law, which it has imposed so insolently on the people. It acts on the *reading men* of the nation, and in that single fact is the whole story of the change. Wherever you have a reading people, there every tongue, every press is a power. Mr. Webster, when he ridiculed in New York the agitation of the Anti-Slavery body, supposed he was living in the old feudal times, when a statesman was an integral element in the State, an essential power in himself. He must have supposed himself speaking in those ages when a great man outweighed the masses. He finds now that he is living much later, in an age when the accumulated common sense of the people outweighs the greatest statesman or the most influential individual. Let me illustrate the difference of our times and the past in this matter, by their difference in another respect. The time has been when men cased in iron from head to foot, and disciplined by long years of careful instruction, went to battle. Those were the days of nobles and knights; and in such times, ten knights, clad in steel, feared not a whole field of unarmed peasantry, and a hundred men of arms have conquered thousands of the common people, or held them at bay. Those were the times when Winkleried, the Swiss patriot, led his host against the Austrian phalanx, and, finding it impenetratable to the thousands of Swiss who threw themselves on the serried lances, gathered dozens in his arms, and drawing them together, made thus an inlet into the closest ranks of the Austrians, and they were overborne by the actual mass of numbers. Gunpowder came, and then, any finger that could pull a trigger was equal to the highest born and the best disciplined; knightly armour, and horses clad in steel, went to the ground before the courage and strength that dwelt in the arm of the peasant, as well as that of the prince. What gunpowder did for war, the printing press has done for the mind, and the statesman is no longer clad in the steel of education, but every reading man is his judge. Every thoughtful man, the country through, that makes up an opinion, is his jury, to which he answers, and the tribunal to which he must bow. Mr. Webster, therefore, does not overrate the power of this 'rub-a-dub agitation,' which Kossuth has now adopted, 'stealing our thunder' (laughter and applause). He does not overrate the power of this 'rub-a-dub agitation' when he says—'Another great mistake, gentlemen, is sometimes made [yes, in Bowdoin Square!]. We think nothing powerful enough to stand before despotic power. There is something strong enough, quite strong enough; and it properly exerted, it will prove itself so; and that is, the power of intelligent public opinion.' 'I thank thee, Jew!' That opinion is formed, not only in Congress, or on Hotel steps; it is made also in the school-houses, in the town-houses, at the hearth stones, in the railroad cars, on board the steamboats, in the social circle, in these Anti-Slavery gatherings which he despises. Mark you: *There is nothing powerful enough to stand before it!* It may be an almost divine institution; it may be the bank vaults of New England; it may be the mining interests of Pennsylvania; it may be the Harwich fishermen, whom he told to stand by the Union because its bunting protected their decks; it may be the factory operative, whom he told to uphold the Union, because it made his cloth sell for half per cent more a yard; it may be a parchment Constitution, or a Fugitive Slave Bill signed by Millard Fillmore!!! no matter, all are dust on the threshing floor of a reading public, once roused to indignation. Remember this, when you would look down upon a meeting of a few hundreds in the one scale, and the fanatic violence of State street in the other, that there is NOTHING, Daniel Webster being witness, strong enough to stand against public opinion—and if the tongue and the press are not parents of that, what is?

Napoleon said, 'I fear three newspapers more than a hundred thousand bayonets.' Mr. Webster now is of the same opinion. 'There is not a monarch on earth,' he says, 'whose throne is not liable to be shaken by the progress and the sentiment of the just and intelligent part of the people.' 'I thank thee, Jew!' We have been told often, that it was nothing but a morbid sentiment that was opposed to the Fugitive Slave Bill, it was a sentiment of morbid philanthropy. Grant it all. But take care, Mr. Statesman; cure or change it in time, else it will beat all your dead institutions to dust. Hearts and sentiments are alive, and we all know that the gentlest of nature's growths will, in time, burst asunder or wear away the proudest dead-weight man can heap upon them. If this be the power of the gentlest growth let the stoutest heart tremble before the tornado of a people roused to terrible vengeance by the sight of long years of cowardly and merciless oppression, and oft-repeated instances of selfish and calculating apostacy. You may build your Capitol of granite, and pile it as high as the Rocky Mountains, if it is founded on or mixed up with iniquity, the pulse of a girl will in time beat it down. 'There is no monarch on earth whose throne is not liable to be shaken by the sentiment of the just and intelligent part of the people.' What is this but a recantation? doing penance for the impudence uttered in Bowdoin Square? Surely this is the white sheet and lighted torch which the Scotch church imposed as penance on its erring members. Who of you would imagine, that the man who said of the public discussion of the Slavery question that it must be put down, could have dictated this sentiment—'It becomes us, in the station which we hold, to let that public opinion have free course?' What, then, is that echo that we heard from Bowdoin Square a year ago? 'This agitation must be put down.' 'It becomes us, in the station which we hold, to let that public opinion have free course.' Behold the great doughface cringing before the calm eye of Kossuth, who had nothing but 'rub-a-dub agitation' with which to rescue Hungary from the bloody talons of the Austrian eagle!

This is statesmanship! The statesmanship that says to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to-day, 'smother those prejudices,' and to-morrow, 'there is no throne on the broad earth strong enough to stand up against the sentiment of justice.' What is that but the 'prejudices' of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts against man-hunting? And this is the man before whom the press and the pulpit of the country would have had the Abolitionists bow their heads, and lay their mouths in the dust, instead of holding fast to the eternal principles of justice and right!

I do not quote Mr. Webster's opinion for what it is worth, because it is worth nothing. He changed his opinion yesterday, and may change it again to-morrow. But I quote it because we have been accustomed to come here, sometimes, and feel somewhat awed by the image of the colossal institutions about us, which seem to be opposing our progress. Because there are some who occasionally weary of this moral suasion, and sigh for something tangible; some power that they can feel, and see its operation. The advanced tide you cannot mark. The gem grows unseen. The granite increases and crumbles, and you can hardly mark either process. The great change in a nation's opinion is the same. We stand here to-day, and if we look back twenty years, we can see a change in public opinion—yes, we can see a great change. Then, the great statesmen had pledged themselves not to talk on this subject. They have been made to talk. These hounds have been whipped into the traces of the nation's car, not by *three* newspapers, which Napoleon dreaded, but by *one* (cheers). The great parties of the country have been broken to pieces and crumbled. The great sects have been broken to pieces. Suppose you cannot put your finger upon an individual fact; still, in the great result, you see what Webster tells us in this speech—'Depend upon it, gentlemen, that between these two rival powers, the autocratic power, maintained by arms and force, and the popular power, maintained by opinion, the form is constantly increasing. Real human liberty is gaining the ascendant [he must feel sad at that!]; and the part which we have to act in all this great drama is to show ourselves in favour of those rights; to uphold our ascendancy, and to carry it on, until we shall see it culminate in the highest heaven over our heads.'

Now, I look upon that speech as the most remarkable Mr. Webster has ever made on the Anti-Slavery agitation to which we are devoted—as a most remarkable confession, under the circumstances. I read it here and to you, because, in the circle I see around me, the larger proportion are Abolitionists—men attached to the movement which this meeting represents—men whose thoughts are occasionally occupied with the causes and with the effects of its real progress. I would force from the reluctant lips of the Secretary of State, his testimony to the real power of the masses. I said that the day was, before gunpowder, when the noble, clad in steel, was a match for a thousand. Gunpowder levelled peasant and prince. The printing press has done the same. In the midst of thinking people, in the long run, there are no great men. The accumulated intellect of the masses is greater than the heaviest brain that God ever gave to a single man. Webster, though he may gather into his own person the confidence of parties, and the attachment of thousands throughout the country, is but a feather's weight in the balance against the average of public sentiment on the subject of Slavery. A newspaper paragraph, a county meeting, a gathering for conversation, a change in the character of a dozen individuals, these are the several fountains and sources of public opinion in our midst. And, friends, when we gather, month after month, at such meetings as these, we should encourage ourselves with considerations of this kind: that we live in an age of democratic equality; that, for a moment, a party may stand against the age, but, in the end, it goes by the board; that the man who launches a sound argument, who sets on two feet a startling fact, and bids it travel from Maine to Georgia, is just as certain that he in the end will change the government, as if, to destroy the Capitol, he had placed gunpowder under the Senate Chamber. Natural philosophers tell us, that if you will only multiply the simplest force into enough time, it will equal the greatest. So it is with the slow intellectual movement of the masses. It can scarcely be seen, but it is a constant movement; it is the tide, it is the ocean, gaining on the proudest and strongest bulwarks that human art or strength can build. It may be defied for a moment, but, in the end, Nature always triumphs. So the race, if it cannot drag a Webster along with it, leaves him behind and forgets him (loud cheers). The race is rich enough to afford to do without the greatest intellects that God ever let the devil buy. Stranded along the past, there are a great many dried mummies of dead intellects, which the race found too heavy to drag forward.

I hail the almighty power of the tongue. I swear allegiance to the omnipotence of the press. The people never err. '*Vox populi, vox Dei*'—the voice of the people is the voice of God. I do not mean this of any single verdict which the people of to-day may record. In time, the selfishness of one class neutralizes the selfishness of another. The interests of one age clash against the interests of another; but, in the great result, the race always means right. The people always mean right, and, in the end, they will have the right. I believe in the twenty millions—not the twenty millions that live now, necessarily—to arrange this question of Slavery, which priests and politicians have sought to keep out of sight. They have kept it locked up in the Senate Chamber, they have hidden it behind the communion table, they have appealed to the superstitious and idolatrous veneration for the State and the Union to avoid this question, and so have kept it from the influence of the great, growing democratic tendencies of the masses. But change all this, drag it from its concealment, and give it to the people; launch it on the age, and all is safe. It will find a safe harbour. A man is always selfish enough for himself. The soldier will be selfish enough for himself; the merchant will be selfish enough for himself; yes, he will be willing to go to hell to secure his own fortune, but he will not be ready to go there to make the fortune of his neighbour. No man ever yet was willing to sacrifice his own character for the benefit of his neighbour; and whenever we shall be able to show this nation that the interests of a class, not of the whole, the interests of a portion of the country, not of the masses, are subserved by holding our fellow-men in bondage, then we shall spike the guns of the enemy, and turn their artillery to our side.

I want you to turn your eyes from institutions to men. The difficulty of the present day and with us is, we are bullied by institutions. A man gets up in the pulpit, or sits on the bench, and we allow ourselves to be bullied by the judge or the clergyman, when, if he stood side by side with us, on the brick pavement, as a simple individual, his ideas would not have disturbed our clear thoughts an hour. Now, the duty of each Anti-Slavery man is simply this—Stand on the pedestal of your own individual independence, summon these institutions about you, and judge them. The question is deep enough to require the judgment of you. This is what the cause asks of you, my friends; and the moment you will be willing to do this, to rely upon yourselves, that moment the truths I have read from the lips of the man whom the country regards as its greatest statesman, will shine over your path, assuring you that out of this agitation, as certain as the sun at noon-day, the future character of the American Government will be formed.

If we lived in England, if we lived in France, the philosophy of our movement would be different, for there stand accumulated wealth, hungry churches, and old nobles—a class which popular agitation slowly affects. To these, public opinion is obliged to bow. We have seen, for instance, the agitation of 1848 in Europe, deep as it was, seemingly triumphant as it was for six months, retire, beaten, before the undisturbed foundations of the governments of the continent. You recollect, no doubt, the tide of popular enthusiasm which rolled from the Bay of Biscay to the very feet of the Czar, and it seemed as if Europe was melted into one Republic. Men thought the new generation had indeed come. We waited twelve months, and the turrets and towers of old institutions—the church, law, nobility, government—re-appeared above the subsiding wave. Now, there are no such institutions here. No law that can abide one moment when popular opinion demands its abrogation. The Government is wrecked the moment the newspapers decree it. The penny papers of this State, in the Sims case, did more to dictate the decision of Chief Justice Shaw, than the Legislature that sat in the State House, or the Statute Book of Massachusetts. I mean what I say. The penny papers of New York do more to govern this country than the White House at Washington. Mr. Webster says we live under a government of laws. He was never more mistaken, even when he thought the Anti-Slavery agitation could be stopped. We live under a government of men and morning newspapers (applause). Bennet and Horace Greeley are more really Presidents of the United States than Millard Fillmore. Daniel Webster himself cannot even get a nomination. Why? Because, long ago, the ebbing tide of public opinion left him a wreck, stranded on the side of the popular current.

We live under a government of men. The Constitution is nothing in South Carolina, but the black law is every thing. The law that says the coloured men shall sit in the jury box in the city of Boston is nothing. Why? Because the Mayor and Aldermen, and the Selectmen of Boston, for the last fifty years, have been such slaves of colourphobia, that they did not choose to execute the law of the Commonwealth. I might go through the Statute Book and show you the same result. Now, if this be true against us, it is true for us. Remember, that the penny papers may be starved into Anti-Slavery whenever we shall put behind them an Anti-Slavery public sentiment. Wilberforce and Clarkson had to vanquish the moneyed power of England, the West India interest, and overawe the peerage of Great Britain, before they conquered. The settled purpose of the great middle class had to wait till all this was accomplished. The moment we have the control of public sentiment—the women and the children, the schoolhouses, the school-books, the literature, and the newspapers—that moment we have settled the question.

Men blame us for the bitterness of our language and the personality of our attacks. It results from our position. The great mass of the people can never be made to stay and argue a long question. They must be made to feel it, through the hides of their idols. When you have launched your spear into the rhinoceros hide of a Webster or a Benton, every Whig and Democrat feels it. It is on this principle that every reform must take for its text, the mistakes of great men. God gives us great scoundrels for texts for Anti-Slavery sermons. See to it, when Nature has provided you a monster like Webster, that you exhibit him, himself a whole menagerie, throughout the country (great cheering). It is not often, in the wide world's history, that you see a man so lavishly gifted by nature, and called, in the concurrence of events, to a position like that which he occupied on the 7th of March, surrender his great power, and quench the high hopes of his race. No man, since the age of Luther, has ever held in his single hand, so palpably, the destinies and character of a mighty people. He stood like the Hebrew prophet, between the living and the dead. He had but to have upheld the cross of common truth and honesty, and the black dishonour of two hundred years would have been effaced for ever. He bowed his vassal head to the temptations of the flesh and of lucre. He gave himself up into the lap of the Delilah of Slavery, for the mere promise of a nomination, and the greatest hour of the age was bartered away—not for a mess of pottage, but for the *promise* of a mess of pottage; a promise, thank God, which is to be broken (enthusiastic cheering)! I say, it is not often that Providence permits the eyes of twenty millions of thinking people to behold the fall of another Lucifer, from the very battlements of heaven, down into that 'lower deep of the lowest deep' of hell (great sensation). On such a text, how effective should be the sermon!

Let us see to it, that, in spite of the tenderness of American prejudice, in spite of this morbid charity that would have us hold up the sin but drop the sinner, in spite of this effeminate Christianity, that would let millions pine, lest one man's feelings be injured; let us see to it, friends, that we be 'harsh as truth and uncompromising as justice;' remembering always that every single man set against this evil may be another Moses, every single thought you launch may be the thunders of another St. Roche; remembering that we live not in an age of minorities, when a Charles the Fifth could set up or put down the slave trade, but surrounded by twenty millions, whose opinion is omnipotent—that the hundred gathered in a New England school-house may be the hundred who shall teach the rising men of the other half of the continent, and stereotype freedom on the banks of the Pacific; remembering and worshipping reverentially the great American idea of the omnipotence of 'thinking men,' of the 'sentiment of justice,' against which no throne is potent enough to stand, no Constitution sacred enough to endure.' Remember this, when you go to an Anti-Slavery gathering in a school house, and know that, weighed against its solemn purpose, its terrible resolution, its earnest thought, Webster himself, and all huckstering statesmen, in the opposite scale, shall kick the beam. Worshipping the tongue, let us be willing, at all times, to be known throughout the community as the all talk party. The age of bullets is over. The age of men armed in mail is over. The age of thrones has gone by. The age of statesmen—God be praised! *such* statesmen—is over. The age of thinking men has come. With the aid of God, then, every man I can reach, I will set *thinking* on the subject of Slavery (cheers). The age of reading men has come. I will try to imbue every newspaper with Garrisonianism (loud applause). The age of the masses has come. Now, Daniel Webster counts one—God give him joy of it! but the 'rub-a-dub agitation' counts at least twenty—nineteen better. Nineteen, whom no chance of nomination tempts to a change of opinions once a twelvemonth: who need no Kossuth advent to recall them to their senses.

What I want to impress you with is, the great weight that is attached to the opinion of every thing that can call itself a man. Give me any thing that walks erect, and can read, and he shall count one in the millions of the Lord's sacramental hosts, that is yet to come up and trample all oppression in the dust. The weeds poured forth in nature's lavish luxuriance, give them but time, and their tiny roots shall rend asunder the foundations of palaces, and crumble the Pyramids to the earth. We may be weeds, in comparison with these marked men; but in the lavish luxuriance of that nature which has at least allowed us to be 'thinking, reading men,' I learn, Webster being my witness, that there is no throne potent enough to stand against us. It is morbid enthusiasm this that I have—I know it. But they tell us that this heart of mine, which beats so unintermittedly in the bosom, if its force could be directed against a granite pillar, would wear it to dust in the course of a man's life. Your Capitol, Daniel Webster, is marble, but the pulse of every humane man is beating against it. God will give us time, and the pulses of men shall beat it down (loud and enthusiastic cheering). Take the mines—take the Harwich fishing skiffs—take the Lowell mills—take all the coin and the cotton—thank God, the day must be ours, for the hearts—the hearts, are on our side!

There is nothing stronger than human prejudice. A crazy sentimentalism like that of Peter the Hermit hurled half of Europe upon Asia, and changed the destinies of kingdoms. We may be crazy. Would to God he would make us all crazy enough to forget for one moment the cold deductions of intellect, and let these hearts of ours beat, beat, beat, under the promptings of a common humanity. They have put wickedness into the statute-book, and destruction is just as certain as if they had put gunpowder under the Capitol. That is my faith. That it is which turns my eye from the ten thousand newspapers, from the forty thousand pulpits, from the millions of Whigs, from the millions of Democrats, from the might of sect, from the marble government, from the iron army, from the navy riding at anchor, from all that we are accustomed to deem great and potent—turns it back to the simplest child or woman, to the first murmured protest that shall be heard against bad laws. I recognise in it the great future, the first rumblings of that volcano destined to overthrow all these preparations, and bury in the hot lava of its full excitement all this laughing prosperity that now sits so secure on its side.

All hail, Public Opinion! To be sure, it is a dangerous thing under which to live. It rules to-day in the desire to obey all kinds of laws, and takes your life. It rules again in the love of liberty, and rescues Shadrach from Boston court-houses. It rules to-morrow in the manhood of him who loads the musket to shoot down, God be praised! the man-hunter, Gorsuch (applause). It rules in Syracuse, and the slave escapes to Canada. It is our interest to educate this people in humanity, and in deep reverence for the rights of the lowest and humblest individual that makes up our numbers. Each man, here, in fact, holds his property and his life dependent on the constant presence of an agitation like this of Anti-Slavery. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty—power is ever stealing from the many to the few. The manna of popular liberty must be gathered each day, or it is rotten. The living sap of to day outgrows the dead rind of yesterday. The hand entrusted with power becomes, either from human depravity or *esprit du corps*, the necessary enemy of the people. Only by continual oversight can the democrat in office be prevented from hardening into a despot; only by unintermitted agitation can a people be kept sufficiently awake to principle not to let liberty be smothered in material prosperity. All clouds, it is said, have sunshine behind them, and all evils have some good result; so Slavery, by the necessity of its abolition, has saved the freedom of the white race from being melted in the luxury or buried beneath the gold of its own success. Never look, therefore, for an age when the people can be quiet and safe. At such times despotism, like a shrouding mist, steals over the mirror of freedom. The Dutch, a thousand years ago, built against the ocean their bulwarks of willow and mud. Do they trust to that? No. Each year, the patient, industrious peasant gives so much from the cultivation of his soil and the care of his children, to stop the breaks and replace the willow which the insect has eaten, that he may keep the land his fathers rescued from the water, and bid defiance to the waves that roar above his head, as if to snatch back the broad fields man has stolen from his realm.

Some men suppose that, in order to the people's governing themselves, all that is necessary is, as Fisher Ames said, that the 'rights of man be printed, and that every citizen have a copy.' As the Epicureans, 2000 years ago, imagined God as a being who arranged this marvellous machinery, set it going, and then sunk to sleep. Republics exist only on the tenure of being constantly agitated. The Anti-Slavery agitation is an important, nay, an essential part of the machinery of the State. It is not a disease nor a medicine. No; it is the normal state—the normal state of the nation. Never, to our latest posterity, can we afford to do without fanatics, like Garrison, to stir up the monotony of wealth, and reawake the people to the great ideas that are constantly fading out of their minds, to trouble the waters that there may be health in their flow. Every government is always growing corrupt. Every Secretary of State is, by the very necessity of his position, an apostate. I mean what I say. He is an enemy to the people of necessity, because the moment he joins the government, he gravitates against that popular agitation which is the life of a republic. A republic is nothing but a constant overflow of lava. The principles of Jefferson are not up to the principles of to-day. It was well said of Webster, that he knows well the Hancock and Adams of 1776, but he does not know the Hancocks and Adamses of to-day. The republic that sinks to sleep, trusting to constitutions and machinery, to politicians and statesmen, for the safety of its liberties, never will have any. The people are to be waked to a new judgment, just as the Church has to be regenerated, in each age. The Anti-Slavery agitation is a necessity of each age, in order to keep alive this faithful vigilance which is constantly in danger of sleep. We must live as did our Puritan fathers, who always went to church, and sat down to dinner, when the Indians were in their neighbourhood, with their musket-lock on the one side and a drawn sword on the other.

If I had time or a voice to-night, I might proceed to a further developement of this idea, and I trust I could make it clear, which I fear I have not yet done. To my conviction, it is gospel truth, that, instead of the Anti-Slavery agitation being an evil, or even the unwelcome cure of a disease in this government, the youngest child that lives may lay his hand on the youngest child that his gray hairs may see, and say, 'The agitation was commenced when the Declaration of Independence was signed; it took its second tide when the Anti-Slavery Declaration was signed in 1833; a movement, not the cure but the diet of a free people; not the homœopathic or the allopathic dose, to which a sick land has recourse, but the daily cold water and the simple bread—the daily diet and absolute necessity—the manna of a people wandering to the wilderness' There is no Canaan in politics. As health lies in labour, and there is no royal road to it but through toil, so there is no republican road to safety but in constant distrust. 'In distrust,' said Demosthenes, 'are the nerves of the mind.' Let us see to it that these sentinel nerves are ever on the alert. If the Alps piled in cold and still sublimity, be the emblem of Despotism, the ever restless Ocean is ours—which, girt within the eternal laws of Gravitation, is pure only because never still (long continued applause).

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS,

At Faneuil Hall, Friday evening, January 30, 1852.

Phonographically Reported for the Liberator, by J. M. W. Yerrinton.

MR. PRESIDENT: I do not feel disposed to talk about Colonisation to-night, and I am glad to think that, after the remarks already submitted to us, it is unnecessary that any thing more should be said on that topic. I mean, the colonisation of black men to Africa. I have been *colonised* myself from this hall for some time; and in getting here again, I prefer to go back to the old note, **and try to get** the 'hang of this school-house.' (**laughter**). You know Baron Munchausen says, in one of his marvellous stories, that it was so cold one day in Russia, when he began to play a tune on his trumpet, that half of it froze in the instrument before it could get out; and a few months afterwards, he was startled, in Italy, to hear, of a sudden, the rest of the tune come pealing forth. We were somewhat frozen up awhile ago in this Hall, with George Thompson on the platform; now, we want the rest of the tune (laughter and cheers).

The *Mail* of this morning says that we have no right to this hall, because it was refused to the greatest statesman of the land—to Daniel Webster. I believe this is a mistake. The Mayor and Aldermen went to him, metaphorically, on their knees, and entreated the great man to make use of the old walls. It was the first time Faneuil Hall ever begged any body to enter it; but Daniel was pettish, and would not come. Very proper in him, too; it is not the place in which to defend the Fugitive Slave Bill. He did right when he refused to come. Who built these walls? Peter Faneuil's ancestors were themselves fugitives from an edict *almost* as cruel as the Fugitive Slave Law; and only he whose soul and body refuse to crouch beneath inhuman legislation, has a right to be heard here—nobody else (cheers). A Huguenot built this Hall, who was not permitted to live on the soil of his own beautiful France, and it may naturally be supposed, that he dedicated it to the most ultra, outside idea of liberty. It is a place for the running slave to find a shelter—not for a recreant statesman (deafening cheers)!

This Hall has never been made ridiculous but once; never was made the laughing-stock of New England but once. That was about nine months ago, when the 'Sims Brigade' were left soundly asleep here, in the gray of the morning, while the awkward squad of Marshal Tukey stole down State street with Thomas Sims, not deigning to ask their leave or their assistance, and leaving them to find out the next morning, that the great deed had been done, without their so much as 'hearing a noise.' Soldiers asleep in Faneuil Hall, while mischief was doing so near as State street? O, what gallant soldiers they must have been (loud laughter and cheers).

Times have changed since we were here before. The last time I stood on this platform, there sat beside me a heroine worthy to sit in the hall of the old Huguenot—one ELIZABETH BLAKELEY, a mulatto girl of Wilmington, N. C., who, loving freedom more than Slavery, concealed herself on board a Boston brig, in the little narrow passage between the side of the vessel and the partition that formed the cabin—two feet eight inches of room. There she lay, while her inhuman master, almost certain she was on board the vessel, had it smoked with sulphur and tobacco three times over. She still bore it. She came North, half frozen, in the most inclement month of the year—this month. She reached Boston just able to crawl. Where did she come? O, those were better times then! She came here. Just able to stand, fresh from that baptism of suffering for liberty, she came *here*. We told her story. And with us that night—within ten feet of where I stand—sat Frederika Bremer, the representative of the literature of the old world; and her humane sympathies were moved so much, that the rose bud she held in her hand, she sent (honouring me by sending it by my hand) to the first representative of American Slavery she had seen. It was the tribute of Europe's heart and intellect to a heroine of the black race, in Faneuil Hall. Times have changed since. Not to speak of the incense which Miss Bremer has, half ignorantly, I hope, laid on the demon alter of our land, it would not be safe to put that Betsey Blakeley on this platform to-night; it would not be safe for her to appear in a public meeting. What has changed this public opinion? I wish it was some official of the city, so that we could make him the scapegoat of public indignation, let him carry it forth, and thus the fair fame of our city be freed. This, Mr. President, brings me to my subject. The resolutions I wish to speak to are these. I think they ought to be read in Faneuil Hall, the first time the Abolitionists have been here since the foul deed of April 12th disgraced the city. I feel that these peddling hucksters of State and Milk streets owe me full atonement for the foul dishonour they have brought upon the city of my birth.

Resolved, That as citizens of Boston and the Commonwealth we record our deep disapprobation and indignant protest against the surrender of Thomas Sims by this city, its sanction of the cowardly and lying policy of the police, its servile and volunteer zeal in behalf of the man-hunters, and its deliberate, wanton, and avowed violation of the laws of the Commonwealth for the basest of all purposes—slave-trading—selling a free man into bondage, that State and Milk-streets might make money.

Now we come to that man who stood at yonder door, looking on, while George Thompson was mobbed from this platform; who, neither an honourable Mayor or a gentleman, broke at once his oath of office and promise as a gentleman, to give us this Hall, for certain eighty dollars, to be paid him, and when he had stood by and seen us mobbed out of it, thought he mended his character by confessing his guilt, in not daring to send in a bill!!!

Resolved, That the circumstances of the case will not allow us to believe that this infamous deed was the act of the City Government merely; and then as Boston-born men some of us comforting ourselves in the reflection that the fawning sychophant who disgraced the Mayor's chair was not born on the Peninsula whose fair fame he blotted, but all the facts go to show that in this, as in all his life, he was only the easy and shuffling tool of the moneyed classes, and therefore too insignificant to be remembered with any higher feeling than contempt.

Resolved, That we cherish a deep and stern indignation toward the Judges of the Commonwealth, whose personal cowardice, pitiful subserviency, utter lack of official dignity, and entire disregard of their oaths, witnessed in silence the violation of laws they were bound to enforce, and disgraced the Bench once honoured by the presence of a Sedgwick or a Sewall.

I do not forget that the Church, all the while this melancholy scene was passing, stood up and upheld a merciless people in the execution of an inhuman law, accepted the barbarity, and baptized it 'Christian duty.' O, no, I do not forget them. But I remember that, in an enterprising, trading city like ours, the merchants are full as much, if not more, responsible for the state of public opinion, than the second-rate men who rather occupy, than fill, our pulpits, and who certainly seldom tempt the brains of their hearers to violate the command of the Jewish Scriptures, 'Thou shalt not do any work on the Sabbath day.'

Do you ask why the Abolitionists denounce the traders of Boston? It is because the merchants chose to send back Thomas Sims—pledged their individual aid to Marshal Tukey, in case there should be any resistance; it is because the merchants did it to make money. Thank God, they have not made any (great cheering)! Like the negro who went to hear Whitefield, and rolled in the dust in the enthusiasm of his religious excitement, until they told him it was *not* Whitefield, when he picked himself up, crying out, 'Then I dirty myself for nothing.' So they dirtied themselves for nothing (tremendous cheering)! If slave-hunting only can save them, may bankruptcy sit on the ledger of every one of those fifteen hundred scoundrels who offered Marshal Tukey their aid (tumultuous applause)!

There is one thing to be rejoiced at—it is this: The fact, that the police of this city did not dare even to arrest a fugitive slave, calling him such. The dogs of Marshal Tukey that arrested Thomas Sims in Richmond street, had to disguise themselves to do it—dressed in the costume and called themselves watchmen; and told a lie—that the arrest was for theft, in order to keep peace in the street, while they smuggled him into the carriage. Claim, for the honour of Boston, that when her police became man-hunters, they put their badges in their pockets, and lied, lest their prey should be torn from their grasp, in the first burst of popular indignation. It was the first time in Boston—I hope it will be the last—that the laws were obliged to be executed by lying and behind bayonets, in the night. So much, though it be very little, may still be said for Boston, that Sims was arrested by lying and disguised policemen; he was judged by a Commissioner who sat behind bayonets; and was carried off in the gray of the morning, after the moon set, and before the sun rose, by a police body armed with swords. She was disgraced, but it was by force; while *cedent arma togæ*, as the Romans said—'when the robe gave way to the sword.' The law was executed; but it was behind bayonets. Such laws do not last long (loud cheers). Courts that sit behind chains, seldom sit more than once (renewed cheering).

[A Voice—'The Whigs defend it.']

O, I know that Mr. Choate has been here—I heard him, and before a Whig caucus, defend the policy of the Fugitive Slave Bill. He told us, while I sat in the gallery, of the 'infamous ethics'—the '*infamous ethics*, that, from the Declaration of Independence and the Sermon on the Mount deduced the duty of immediate emancipation.' The sentiment was received, I am thankful to say, with a solemn silence, though Rufus Choate uttered it to an assembly of Webster Whigs. I heard it said to-day, that the Abolitionists had done nothing, because a fugitive, within the last twelve months, had been taken out of Boston. They have done a great deal, since, sixteen or seventeen years ago, Peleg Sprague, standing on this platform, pointed to that portrait [the portrait of Washington] and called him 'that slave

the 'old chief,' as we used to love to call him, made himself, in timid servility, party to the insult and the degradation. How truly American! whose slave system by no means exists only on Southern plantations.

We are said to be unreasonable in this manner of criticising the institutions, laws and men of our country. It is thought that, as little men, we are bound to tune our voices and bow our heads to the great intellects, as they are called, of the land—Mr. Webster and others. He tells us, that there are certain important interests concerned in this question, which we are bound to regard, and not abstract theories about the equality of men, and the freedom of humble individuals. Well, all I say to that is, when dollars are to be discussed, let him discuss them with Franklin Haven, in the directors' room of the Merchants Bank. Let him discuss them over the bursting lodgers of Milk street—that is the place for dollar talks. But there is no room for dollars in Faneuil Hall. The idea of liberty is the great fundamental principle of this spot; that a man is worth more than a bank vault (loud cheers).

I know Mr. Webster has, on various occasions, intimated that this is not statesmanship in the United States; that the cotton mills of Lowell, the schooners of Cape Cod, the cousters of Marblehead, the coal and iron mines of Pennsylvania, and the business of Wall street, are the great interests which this government is framed to protect. He intimated, all through the recent discussion, that property is the great element this government is to stand by and protect—the test by which its success is to be appreciated. Perhaps it is so; perhaps it is so; and if the making of money, if ten per cent, a year, if the placing of one dollar on the top of another, be the highest effort of human skill; if the answer to the old Puritan catechism—'What is the chief end of man'—is to be changed, as, according to modern state craft, it ought to be, why, be it so. Nicholas, of Russia, made a catechism for the Poles, in which they are taught that Christ is the next below God, and the Emperor of all the Russias is next below Christ. So, judging by the tenour of his recent speeches, Daniel has got a catechism, 'What is the chief end of man?' The old one of the Westminster Divines, of Selden and Hugh Peters, of Cotton and the Mathers, used to answer, 'To glorify God and enjoy him forever'; that is Kane-treason now. The 'chief end of man'? why, it is to save the Union!

A Voice, 'Three cheers for the Union!

Mr. Phillips—Feeble cheers those!—(great applause)—and a very thankless office it is to defend the Union on that lay. Did you ever read the fable of the wolf that met the dog? The one was fat, the other gaunt and famine struck. The wolf said to the dog, 'You are very fat;' 'yes,' replied the dog, 'I get along very well at home.' 'Well,' said the wolf, 'could you take me home?' 'O, certainly.' So they trotted along together; but as they neared the house, the wolf caught sight of certain ugly scars on the neck of the dog, and stopping, said, 'Where did you get those scars on your neck; they look very sore and bloody?' 'O,' said the dog, 'they tie me up at night, and I have rather an inconvenient iron collar on my neck. But that's a small matter; they feed me well.' 'On the whole,' said the wolf, 'taking the food and the collar together, I prefer to remain in the woods.' Now, if I am allowed to choose, I don't like the collar of Daniel Webster and Parson Dewey, and there are certain ugly scars I see about their necks. I do not want Dr. Dewey to promise to return my mother to Slavery; and, Mr. Webster, I prefer to be lean and keep my 'prejudices,' to getting fat by smothering them. I do not like your idea of the Yankee character, which seems to be too near that of the Scotsman, of whom Dr. Johnson said that if he saw a dollar on the other side of hell, he would make a spring for it at the risk of falling in (laughter). I cannot think, under correction of these great statesmen and divines, this to be the *beau ideal of* human perfection. I do not care whether the schooners of Harwich, under slaveholding bunting, catch fish and keep them or not; I do not care whether the mills of Abbott Lawrence make him worth two millions or one; whether the iron and coal mines of Pennsylvania are profitable or not, if, in order to have them profitable, we have got to go down on our marrow bones and thank Daniel Webster for saving his Union, call Mayor Bigelow an honourable man and Mayor, and acknowledge Francis Tukey as Chief Justice of this Commonwealth. I prefer hunger and the woods to the hopeless task of maintaining the sincerity of Daniel Webster, or bending under the chain of Francis Tukey (tremendous cheering).

Sir, I have something to say of this old Commonwealth. I went up one day into the Senate Chamber of Massachusetts, in which the Otises, the Quincys, and the Adamses, Parsons and Sedgwick, Sewall and Strong, have sat and spoke in times gone by; in which the noblest legislation in the world, on many great points of human concern, has made her the noblest State in the world—the good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts—and I stood there to see this impudent City Marshal tell the Senate of Massachusetts, that he knew he was trampling on the laws of the Commonwealth, and that he intended to so long as cotton-born and bought Mayors told him to! And there was not spirit enough in the Free Soil party, no, nor in the Democratic party—there was not self-respect enough in the very Senators who were sworn to maintain these laws, to defend them against the insolent boast of a city constable. Now, fellow-citizens, you may, and probably do, think me a fanatic; till you judge men and things on different principles, I do not care much what you think me; I have outgrown that interesting anxiety—but I tell you this, if I see the Commonwealth upside down, I mean to keep my neck free enough from collars to say so; and I think it is upside down when a city Constable dictates law in the Senate Chamber of Massachusetts (loud cheers).

Mr. President, let me add one thing more; it is this. For that man himself, Francis Tukey, I have no epithet of contempt, no, nor even of indignation to affix to his name. He may, and does, for aught I know, perform his duties as City Marshal efficiently and well. I know he would, had he been present, have done his duty, and his deputy stood ready to do it that night in George Thompson's presence, if we had had a Mayor, and not an old woman in the Mayor's chair (great laughter and cheering). I find little fault, comparatively, with the City Marshal of Boston, that he did the infamous duty which the merchants of Boston set him. The fault I rather chose to note is that the owner of the brig Acorn can walk up State street, and be as honoured a man as he was before; that John H. Pearson walks our streets as erect as ever, and no merchant shrinks from his side. But we will put the fact that he owned that brig, and the infamous use he made of it, so blackly on record, that his children—yes, his children—would gladly, twenty years hence, forego all the wealth he will leave them, to blot out that single record (enthusiastic cheering). The time shall come when it shall be thought the unkindest thing in the world for any man to remind the son of that man, that his father's name was John H. Pearson, and that he owned the Acorn (renewed cheering).

[At this point, a voice called out, 'Three cheers for John H. Pearson.' After what had been said from the platform, such a call was not likely to be very warmly responded to; but one or two voices were raised, and Mr. Phillips continued]—

Yes, it is fitting that the cheer should be a poor one, when, in the presence of that merchant, [pointing to the portrait of John Hancock] of that merchant, who led the noblest movement for liberty ever made on this side the ocean, when, in his presence, you should attempt to cheer the miserable carrier of slaves, who calls himself, and, alas! according to the present average of State Street, has a right to call himself, a Boston merchant.

I want to remark one other change, since we have got back to Faneuil Hall. It is this: Within a few months, I stood in this Hall, when Charles Francis Adams was on the platform; a noble representative, a worthy son, let me say in passing, of the two Adamses that hung here above him. While here, he had occasion to mention the name of Daniel Webster, as I have once or twice to-night, and it was received with cheer on cheer, four, five and six times repeated, during the course of his speech. In fact, he could hardly go on for the noisy opposition. That was at a time when some men were crazy enough to think that Daniel would yet be nominated for the Presidency; but those gaudy soap-bubbles have burst. ['Three cheers for Daniel Webster.'] Yes, three cheers for Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant, who, all his life long, has been bowing down to the Slave Power to secure the Presidency; willing to sacrifice his manhood for the promise of a mess of pottage, and destined to be outwitted at last (cheers). Three cheers for the man who, after 'many great and swelling words' against Texas, when finally the question of the Mexican war was before the Senate, did not dare to vote, but dodged the question, afraid to be wholly Southerner or Northerner, and striving, in vain, to outdo Winthrop in facing both ways (cheers).—Three cheers for the man who went into Virginia, and under an 'October sun' of the Old Dominion—pledged himself—the recreant New Englander!—to silence on the Slave question; a pledge infamous enough in itself, but whose infamy was doubled when he broke it only to speak against the slave on 7th of March, 1850. Three cheers for him! [They were given, but so faintly, that a shout of derision went up from the whole audience]. Three cheers for the statesman who said on the steps of the Revere House, that 'this agitation must be put down,' and the agitationists have entered Faneuil Hall before him (great applause). Three cheers for the man who could afford no better name to the Abolitionists than 'rub-a-dub agitators,' till Kossuth found no method but theirs to chain the millions to himself; and then this far-sighted statesman discovered that 'there were people inclined to underrate the influence of public opinion' (cheers). Three cheers for the man who gave the State a new motive to send Horace Mann back to Washington, lest we should be thought guilty abroad of shocking bad taste in the old Imperial tongue of the Romans (cheers). Three cheers for the man—(O, I like to repeat the book of Daniel)—three cheers for 'the Whig—the Massachusetts Whig—the Faneuil Hall Whig,' who came home to Massachusetts—his own Massachusetts, the State he thought he owned, body and soul—that came home to Massachusetts, and lobbied so efficiently as to secure the election of Charles Sumner to the Senate of the United States (loud cheers)!

A Voice—'Three cheers for Charles Sumner' (overwhelming applause). ['Three cheers for Webster.']

Mr. Phillips continued—I do not know that I care, Mr. Chairman, which way the balance of cheers goes in respect to the gentleman whose name has just been mentioned [Mr. Webster]. It is said, you know, that when Washington stood before the surrendering army of Cornwallis, some of the American troops, as Cornwallis came forward to surrender his sword, began, in very bad taste, to cheer. The noble Virginian turned to them and said, 'Let posterity cheer for us;' and they were silent. Now, if Daniel Webster has done any thing on the subject of Slavery which posterity will not have the kindness to forget, may he get cheers for it, fifty years hence, and in this Hall; using my Yankee privilege, however, 'I rather guess' some future D'Israeli will be able to put that down in continuation of his grandfather's chapter of 'Events that never took place.' I much, I very much doubt, whether, fifty years hence, Massachusetts will not choose men with back bones to send to Washington; not men who go there to yield up, to the great temptations, social and political, of the capital, the distinctive interests of Massachusetts and New England. I believe, no matter whether the Abolitionists have done much or little, that the average of political independence has risen within the last ten or fifteen years. I know that strange sounds have been heard from that House of Representatives within the last ten or fifteen years: that the old tone so often breathed there of Northern submission has very much changed since John Quincy Adams vindicated free speech on the floor of the House of Representatives. I read just now a speech worthy, in some respects, of Faneuil Hall, from the lips of Robert Rantoul, in rebuke of a recreant Abolitionist from the banks of the Connecticut [Hon. Geo. T. Davis]. I know not what may be the future course of Mr. Rantoul on this question; I know not how erect he may stand hereafter; but I am willing to give him good credit in the future, so well paid has been this first bill of exchange (great cheering). He has done, at least, his duty to the constituency he represented. He looked North for his instructions. The time has been when no Massachusetts representative looked North; we saw only their backs. They have always looked to the Southern Cross; they never turned their eyes to the North Star. They never looked back to the Massachusetts that sent them. Charles Allen and Horace Mann, no matter how far they may be from the level of what we call Anti-Slavery, show us at least this cheering sign. While speaking, they have turned their faces toward Massachusetts. They reflect the public opinion of the State they represent. They look to Faneuil Hall, not to 'the October sun of the Old Dominion.' Now, Mr. Chairman, if we can come to this Hall, year after year; if we can hold these meetings; if we can sustain any amount of ridicule for the sake of Anti-Slavery; if we can fill yonder State-House with legislative action that shall vindicate the old fame of the State; if we can fill every town-house and school-house in the State with Anti-Slavery agitation, then the eyes of every caucus and every political meeting, and of Congress, will all turn North, and, God willing, they shall see a North worth looking at. We will have better evidence than the somewhat apocryphal assurance of Mr. Webster, at Marshfield, in '48, that the North Star is at last discovered. There will not only be a shrine, but worshippers (cheers).

I have not the voice to detain this meeting any longer. I am rejoiced to find myself again in Faneuil Hall. I am glad it has so happened that the very first meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, since April 12th, 1851, has been within these walls, and that the first note of their rebuke of the City Government, and of the Milk Street interest whose servant it stooped to be, has been from the platform of Faneuil Hall (applause).

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* Francis Jackson, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1852.

ANOTHER ABDUCTION.

A little more than a fortnight ago, a fellow by the name of Martin, a Sergeant of the Sixth Ward Police of this city, observed two persons in altercation at the corner of Mott and Cross sts. Whether the sergeant's sense of duty as a conservator of the public peace—a not very likely supposition, by the bye, as police-men go—or whether the fact that those disturbers were coloured, and might therefore be of a class whose arrest presents a peculiar temptation to those harpies of the law, we can not undertake to say. He, however, drew near to them, and overheard the woman reproach the man with being a fugitive slave, and warn him that he was in her power. The man was immediately arrested, on a charge of beating the woman; the woman was permitted to depart. The next morning, however, the man—whose name is James Tasker—was also released, Serjeant Martin having conceived of a plan by which he might relieve the city from any care as to the good behaviour of Tasker, while, at the same time, he kept a sharp eye upon his own private interest.

Tasker went about his business, and Martin also about his; which was, first, to find Mrs. Tasker. From this wretched woman he learned that her husband was a fugitive slave, and that Jonathan Pinckney, of Maryland, was his master. This man he telegraphed at once, and received, in return, a confirmation of the statement, and, doubtless, the promise of the price of his detestable and infamous treachery, the two hundred and fifty dollars, which were afterward paid him. Tasker, meantime, was quietly at his work of porter in a store, little dreaming of what awaited him. He and his wife—for we know, on the best authority, that the woman is his wife, though the daily papers have represented her as his mistress only—had long been at discord, and had been unable to live together; but he did not think her capable of betraying his condition, or of being instrumental in reducing him again to Slavery. But she was not proof against Sergeant Martin's powers of pursuasion, whatever they were, and accordingly, Pinckney being informed that the man was here, and the time being appointed for him to come on, 'prove property, and take it away,' Tasker was once more, in the course of a few days, arrested by Martin, and lodged in jail on a charge of having stolen a quantity of tea and coffee. A few hours later he was confronted with his old master, and on his claim was taken before Commissioner George W. Morton. This gentleman was as prompt as Martin could wish. The proceedings were hurried through in the most summary manner. No counsel was allowed to the alleged slave. No room was given for a doubt; and probably not a dozen persons in the city knew that a trial had been held and decided till the following report appeared next day in the morning papers:

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.

Before *George W. Morton*, U. S. Commissioner.—Feb. 11.—*James Tasker, a person held to service or labour, in the State of Maryland, and escaped therefrom into the State of New York, vs. Jonathan Pinckney and sisters, claimants.* The documentary testimony under the seal of the Circuit Court of Anne Arundel County, State of Maryland, dated February 9, 1852, certified by the Clerk of the Court, was read.

Walter Phelps being sworn, says that he resides in Anne Arundel county, State of Maryland, on the farm of Mr. Jonathan Pinckney; I know James Tasker, now present, and have known him for at least twenty years—in fact, I knew him for five years previous, when I was on the adjoining farm; I knew him as the servant of Mr. Jonathan Pinckney, since dead; his heirs are Jonathan Pinckney, Anna, Mary, Ellen, and Sophia, the wife of Edmund Sparks; he was a slave for life; he was very small when I first knew him; I knew his mother; she was a slave to Mr. Jonathan Pinckney, deceased; I know him perfectly; he recognised me this morning, when I first saw him; he left the service of Mr. Pinckney and the sisters, on Whitsun Monday, in the month of May, 1844; I think on the 27th; he left with his brother John, and a slave calling himself Charles Davis; he, with the others, escaped from the service of his owners; they were all advertised as runaways, and he was never found until now.

The affidavit of J. Pinckney was then read.

The fugitive, James Tasker, wished to state to the Commissioner that he was perfectly willing and anxious to return home with Mr. Pinckney, who had always treated him well.

The United States Commissioner then ordered that James Tasker, the fugitive, be delivered to Jonathan Pinckney, one of the claimants, and the agent of the owners, and that a certificate in pursuance of the requirements of the act of Congress, be dellvered.

The fugitive was taken in charge by the United States Assistant Marshal, B. Talmadge, who left town in the afternoon, at five o'clock, in the Philadelphia train.

James Thomas, alias Tasker, was living in Chrystie street. He had been engaged by Battelle & Renwick in the drug business. His master is John Pinckney, who lived about a mile from Annapolis, Maryland. He ran away about eight years ago, being persuaded by some men to do so. He has three children here, and wanted very much to take them with him, and he would be entirely satisfied to go back. The arrest was effected by Capt. Brennan, of the Sixth Ward, and officer Martin of the same district, yesterday morning, about noon, and the examination took place immediately afterwards.

Henry M. Western and Charles S. Spencer, Esqrs., counsel for claimants.

This is all the public knows about the matter—or cares. Nothing could have been better arranged. The man was black—that is certain. It is also certain that Pinckney says he was his slave; that Commissioner Morton received $10 for allowing that claim; that Martin made $250, for delivering up the fugitive into the hands of the pursuer. Western and Spencer, doubtless, were also well feed, for lawyers—the profession will pardon us for giving them the title—of that stamp are not apt to work for nothing. But this we know is not true: that Tasker wasenticed away from Maryland, and this we say on authority of the conductor of the under-ground railroad, who received Tasker's ticket when he came on. And this we doubt: that he wanted to go back. He would have been a fool if he had said anything else to Pinckney, for of the quality of his cart-whip, doubtless, the poor fellow had a lively remembrance. But we should not have believed it any more though we had heard him say it.

However, this deed also is done, and is gone to the account which the future is to reckon. The Union Committee would be rejoicing over it with that true patriotism for which they are distinguished were they not, at this moment, called to mourn over another failure among those pure and self-denying men to whom, as a Committee, they owe their existence.

☞ The *Pennsylvania Freeman* has procured from David Paul Brown the close of his speech in the case of Williams, and publishes it in the last No. As no report of the speech has been made, we transfer this exordium to our columns. He said:

With Deference to the Court:

I am grateful, Gentlemen of the Jury, when I say, that I approach the argument of this case without having occasion to *croak* through, and swell, an unprofitable exordium, by preposterous complaints of a severe cold, sore throat, or any other physical infirmity. Thank Heaven! I am perfectly well in body and in mind; and what is even *better*, as relates to my present position, I am engaged in a *good cause*, and my heart jumps with my inclinations and my duty.

Yes, it is said I represent a fanatical and deluded class. The learned Counsel to whom we are indebted for this discovery must have recently made it, for I believe upon the first and last time when I had an opportunity of meeting him on the forensic field, he *himself*, in a case involving similar principles, led on some of the very troops whom I have now the honour to command, and endeavoured to maintain the very positions which he now affects to despise, but which, through my life, I have consistently supported, and which, against all odds, I will continue to support until my dying day. The learned coursel has been seduced from his first love by the lust of power—and he now fights under the flag of the United States—as a volunteer, I presume—(here Mr. Ludlow rose and declared that he had not volunteered, but was employed). Mr. B. resuming—Employed! That means you are enlisted—have received the bounty—"the thirty pieces"—and are, of course, one of the Regular Army. I give the Government joy of their recruit, but cannot pause in my argument to discriminate between a *Regular Volunteer* and a *Volunteer Regular*.

A trial is important either from the magnitude of the principles which it involves, affecting the interests of all men, or the magnitude of its consequences to individuals, in which others sympathize, in their consciousness of a possible liability to the evil impending over a fellow-creature. In both these respects I hold this to be a most important cause. It is important as it regards the humble and proscribed defendant, as it effects his liberty and the miserable remnant of his little property, which the tender mercies of the prosecution, after three months unjust imprisonment, have permitted him to retain. It is important as regards the interpretation of the law, which is now for the first time to receive its formal judicial construction. It is important from the manifestation of a deep and abiding interest in its result, by the District Attorney and his associates. Having commenced with Treason, and been foiled there, they transfer their thirty innocent victims to Lancaster County; where they are subjected to the charge of murder in the first and in the second degree; next, to manslaughter—then to riot—then to a conspiracy—and the prosecution, to the amazement and mortification of the United States Attorney, having shamefully failed in *all* these attempts, makes now an effort to redeem itself from the mortification of an utter defeat, by resorting to a last and dying effort to convict the defendant of a puny and anomalous statutory misdemeanour. *How have the mighty fallen!!!* How have they become "small by degrees," though *not* "beautifully less?"

I shall argue this case, may it please the Court, not as a brawling demagogue, or a pot-house politician, or a hair-brained fanatic, panting for every popular and tainted gale; but, as a lawyer. I shall be governed in the course to be pursued, by the desire to embrace all that legitimately belongs to the case, and by an equal desire to avoid all that is irrelative and impertinent. I am governed by no prejudices or partialities—no local distinctions, no political difference—but speak as an American citizen, loyal to the constitution and the laws; yet I cannot but remember that I stand here also as a *man*, keenly alive to the oppression too often practiced under the cover of the Constitution and the laws, upon the humble and the helpless, the degraded or proscribed.

We admit, while we deplore, the existence of the law of 1850. It is the law, however, and no man can legally resist it. In the trial of this case, as its authority is admitted, it is idle to discuss the question in regard to its expediency or justice. Montesquieu tells us that there was formerly a law among the Turks that condemned every man to lose his head who had red hair. This would strike us at least as extraordinary, and yet, if Liberty be dearer than Life, as our fathers have taught us, it is hardly more extraordinary, than that every man who bears "the shadowed livery of a burnished sun" should be pronounced a slave, or that those who sympathize with him should be deemed malefactors. Let it be so, however. Its remedy is left to Divine Justice, or if you would have it so, the Legislatures—the Higher Law—and does not belong to me.

But this statute is so construed as not only to be directed against colour, but against the natural instincts and impulses of the human heart. Nay, that's not all; it is said to require, that, while freedom of conscience is our beast and our charter, we are not only bound to *submit* to the law, which we do, but *we are also bound to its actual and active enforcement.*

In approaching the questions involved in this trial, I ask you to remember that *you* are Judges—that *you* are Jurors. Don't come to this issue with preconceived notions. Do not cast the sword of Bremus into the scale of the United States, and thereby destroy the equiponderance of the balance of justice, confided by the County to your hands. Don't, because you are Pennsylvanians, in an overweening patriotism, lean so far backward as to lose your own natural and proper equilibrium.

I plant my standard upon the Constitution; as rightly understood, I stand with it, and am ready to fall with it. I do not approve of the law, however; my reason condemns it, and my whole soul abhors it. I will never promote it, but while it *is* a law, I will never resist it.

Much as the notion has been derided, I can readily understand what the "*higher law*" is, and so can you, and so can any man. It is that law which the God of nature inscribes upon the heart of every man, and which human legislation cannot cancel. It is that law which teaches me, while I am *powerful* to be *merciful*—while I condemn oppression, not to unite in it or add to its weight. It is that law which the Constitution itself acknowledges in ratifying the doctrine "that every man may worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience." It is that law which legislators feel while they laugh at; which temporal judges in disregarding become temporal curses; which crafty and ambitious demagogues make a market of, "and gather in the face on't."

It is like Honour's Sacred Tie—

"The Law of Kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection.
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she *is* not."

It is the law of martyrs, signed and sealed and recorded in their blood. It is the law of Daniel, who ventured, in defiance of Darius and the decrees of the Medes and Persians, "which never changed," to offer up his prayers to the God of his hopes and his faith. It is that law that relieved him from the lion's den. There is, however, a second and modern Daniel, who utterly denies or condemns this Higher Law—whether *his* creed will exercise the same salutary influence upon his fate or his fortunes, future history will show.

Such then, I say, is the Higher Law—and he who does not know it, will sooner or later know what is the Lower Law.

How long, my countrymen, has it been since we have grown so great as to assume to trample upon that Almighty power, by which we have been created, protected, sustained and blessed? How long is it, guarding as we do our National Institutions so jealously, since we impiously dared to commit bold-faced treason against high Heaven? Let it ever be remembered, in the language of the Book of Eternal Life, "That the Lord is King, be the people never so impatient. He sitteth between the cherubim, be the earth never so unquiet."

We also copy from a Philadelphia paper, a synopsis of the charge of Judge Kane to the Jury, as follows:

He told the jury, that in forming their verdict of the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, they should entirely disregard public opinion, and rely entirely upon a well disciplined conscience. The word "escape," in the law, he said, had reference to an escape after an arrest, and had no reference to an original escape from the master. The Judge went into a critical analysis of the meaning of the words "obstruct, hinder and prevent;" but for the purposes of this case, he would charge that they substantially meant the same thing, and that any person who interfered in the capture of fugitive slaves, or aided and abetted in so doing, was guilty of obstructing the law, and therefore of a misdemeanor. It must be shown, however, that there was a concerted purpose of action between the defendant and such persons as obstructed the execution of the law, so as to obstruct it. There must be a common design. If the defendant had no such intention, it would be wrong to hold him responsible for the actions of others on whom he exercised no control. He charged the Jury, but yet with considerable doubt, that the issuing of the warrants by Commissioner E. D. Ingraham, for the arrest of the fugitives, was perfectly legal; but held that Kline was bound to know, before he served the warrant, whether the Commissioner was legally authorized to issue the warrants. Persons were not bound to know Kline as an officer, as he was specially authorized to serve these warrants, and was not recognised as a general officer, or known as such.

If the persons about Christiana believed Kline to be a kidnapper, and opposed him as such, they are not to be subjected to the peril of their act, as laid down in the Fugitive Slave Law. From motives of charity you may speed the way-worn traveller on his way, whether bond or free, and if your motive is not to wrong the master of the fugitive, you are not amenable to the provisions of the law. The question for the jury to determine is, whether the defendant was connected with the persons guilty of the crime at Christiana, so as to involve him in their guilt. Has a community of purpose been shown between them? If not, the defendant must be acquitted. He then recapitulated the testimony both for the prosecution and the defence. The Judge said, that if defendant left a paper containing the names of the slaves that Kline was after, with a person near Christiana, and requested him to communicate the information to the slaves, and this person did not so communicate it, the defendant is not guilty of an obstruction; as the consummation was not complete. Guilt is not to be presumed. The presumption of the law is on the side of innocence, and the defendant is to have the benefit of such presumption, unless proved guilty.

The Judge alluded to the late message of Governor Lowe of Maryland, in reference to the recent treason trial, and was particularly severe upon the Governor.

FOLLOWING THE CONDITION OF THE MOTHER.

A Correspondent sends us the following statement of a supposed case for the consideration of those who maintain the necessity of the expatriation of all whose complexions are tinted by an infusion of negro blood in their veins. The case, though suppositional, is true, in a greater or less degree, of a very large proportion of the coloured people, both bond and free, in this country:

"About fifty years ago, a young man, whom I shall name John C., settled in one of our Southern States and commenced planter. Amongst other slaves he purchased one pure African wench, about eighteen years old, named Susan. He had also a hired overseer, from the State of Vermont, by the name of Stephen. In about a year, Susan had a daughter Jane, who was also the daughter of Stephen, the young Vermonter; so Jane was half Vermonter and half African.

"When this Jane was about eighteen, she became the mother of Abigail; and Abigail's father was named Joseph, a young man from the State of New York; so Abigail was one-half New Yorker, one-fourth Vermonter, and one-fourth African.

"Abigail, at the age of seventeen, became the Mother of Phebe; and Phebe was also the daughter of Israel, another overseer that John C. had hired from Boston; so this slave Phebe was one-half Bostonian, one-fourth New Yorker. one-eighth Vermonter, and one-eighth African.

"It came to pass that when Phebe was in her twelfth year, John C. was gathered to his fathers, and his son William C. came in possession of his plantation, with all its multifarious slaves, with Phebe amongst the rest. Now Phebe, at the age of twenty-one, has a daughter by the name of Sarah, who is also the daughter of Thomas, an overseer that William has hired from Providence, Rhode Island; so this slave Sarah is one-half Rhode Islander, one-fourth Bostonian, one-eighth New Yorker, one-sixteenth Vermonter, and one-sixteenth African.

"This Sarah, at the age of nineteen, becomes the mother of Judy, who was the daughter of Andrew, an overseer from Ohio. So Judy will be one-half Buckeye, one-fourth Rhode Islander, one-eighth Bostonian, one-sixteenth New Yorker, one thirty-second part Vermonter, and one thirty-second part African.

"Judy, at the age of fifteen, becomes the mother of Lavina, who shall be also the daughter of Oliver, another overseer from Pennsylvania. So this slave Lavina will be one-half Pennsylvanian, one-quarter Buckeye, one-eighth R. Islander, one-sixteenth Bostonian, one thirty-second part New Yorker, one sixty-fourth Vermonter, and one sixty-fourth African. So that, in little over forty years from the death of John C., we have a slave or, perhaps, a whole family of them, each of whom shall be sixty-three parts white and but one part African. One step more: the children of this Lavina, who are daughters also of John C., only grandson of old John C., will be one hundred and twenty-seven parts white and only one part African. Now if this young woman must be sent to the home of her ancestors, where shall she go? To Pennsylvania; Ohio; New York; Rhode Island; Massachusetts; Vermont; or Africa? Even if her mission, in the Providence of God, is to convert the Heathen, can she, without flying directly in the face of that Providence, neglect her near-of-kin, here at home, for her hardly less benighted far-off cousins of the Guinea coast?"

Correction.—The Managers of the late Anti-Slavery Bazaar at Boston would very gratefully acknowledge contributions from Winstead Village, Winchester, Ct., and also from Danbury, N. H. In the account of the Bazaar, the first-named town was inadvertently omitted, and the second was printed Duxbury, instead of Danbury. They would also acknowledge the receipt of $2 from Thomas Brown, of Boston, since the Bazaar's close.

In the acknowledgment of Donations for the 'Liberty Bell,' through a misunderstanding, the name of "A. W. Wharton" was given to the printer instead of Sarah Pugh, of Philadelphia.

A Speculation in Freemen.—We published quite recently an account of the arrest, trial and conviction at Galveston, Texas, of four coloured men from Massachusetts, who were accused of concealing a slave on board the vessel to which they belonged, that he might escape from bondage. By later intelligence we learn that, being unable to pay the fine which made a part of their sentence, they have all been sold as slaves for life. One Samuel Qualls, of Alabama, bought Anthony Hays for $325; Levana Smith for $370; and William Brown for $305. The fourth, Jacob Thompson, was sold for $365 to John Fourtkey, of Galveston. They were all purchased, says the newspaper account, to resell on speculation. What *per centum* the investment will yield, we shall probably know when the return of the auction sales at Mobile is made, where three of them, at least, were to be taken.

The Legislature of Massachusetts proposes to make some inquiry into the case of these men. The people of that State, we may trust, will look upon the sale of her citizens in Texas as a poor return for her re-annexation to the Union, and to the acquiescence of some of the most distinguished Massachusetts representatives in that act, after having declared that it would and should be equivalent to Dissolution. The Free Soilers of her Legislature have a good cause in which to show their Anti-Slavery zeal, and we hope they will improve it, rather for the honour of the State, than from any hope of benefit to the poor fellows who have been reduced to Slavery.

☞ Such of our readers as have already seen the speeches of Wendell Phillips, in the *Liberator*, will commend rather than blame us that we devote so large a share of our columns to their publication, for the sake of those who have not seen them. At any rate we should not hold ourselves excused to our editorial and Anti-Slavery Conscience if we should withhold them from any body on the ground that they might be found elsewhere. The *Standard*, we trust, has not a reader who will need to be told that he can find no better use for his first leisure hour—even if he waits for that—than to give these Speeches a careful perusal. "No quality," says the last *Liberator*, "is more rare than moral courage, and none that more truly tests the spirit of the reformer. That Mr. Phillips possesses it, in its undiluted form, we presume there is no one who doubts. A strong proof of it is given in the speech delivered by him on the last evening of the recent anniversary of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, in Faneuil Hall, which we place before our readers this week. The occasion was one that naturally and properly challenged a review of the events that had transpired in Boston during the past year; and most faithfully was that review made. It is by such 'personalities' that wickedness in high places is made to cower, and the power to execute unrighteous laws paralyzed. It is good always to be no respecter of persons; but, in times like these, to be such—to call men and things by their right names—is equally imperative and effective. 'Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto men, more than unto God, judge ye.'"

This last speech we print from a corrected copy, published since it appeared in the *Liberator*.

Pardon of Mr. Thrasher.—The *Washington Republic* states that information has been received at the State Department of the pardon and release of John S. Thrasher.

Hon. Charles Sumner will accept our thanks for several valuable public documents; among them his own admirable Speech on the disposition of the Public Lands.

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. XCVII.

The Argument.—*Anniversary of the Rescue of Shadrach.—The Correspondent suggesteth a new Saint's Day—Merits of the candidate—Proposed Regularity of proceedings—The Devil's Attorney—The Correspondent considereth objections—He citeth Shakspeare—He defendeth the Devil—He describeth the only celebration of the day—Alms-giving in State street—Beneficence of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society—A Thousand Broadsides—The New Boston Massacre—Returns of the killed and wounded promised—The Correspondent justifieth his Discourse of Revivals—He doth justice to the readers of the Standard—What he said—Who is the Blasphemer—The Maine Liquor Law—Vested Rights in Prison—The Correspondent defendeth Boston—No Higher Law—The Sims patriots and parsons—Dr. Dewey and his mother—Dr. Spring and his prayers—Marshal Tukey, The Revere House, the Chain and the Judges—The Correspondent at Plymouth—With whom and for what—New scheme of Stated Preaching, &c., &c., &c.*

Boston, Feb. 16th, 1852.

Yesterday was the Anniversary of the Rescue of Shadrach. A day which will, in due course of time, perhaps in the course of no very long time, grow into a Feast day, marked with a Red Letter in the Calendars of all those misbelievers who hold to the heresy that a man has a natural right to his own body and soul. Saint Shadrach's Day would not sound badly. I am not sure whether Shadrach of old time has ever been canonized or not; but I am quite certain that he never escaped from a fiery furnace hotter or more hideous than that from which our contemporary Confessor was delivered, yesterday was a twelvemonth. At any rate, I have no doubt that many a worse fellow than he has received the rank and title of Saint from the Sovereign Pontiff, on the merits of a much worse-attested miracle than that wrought in his favour on the Fifteenth of February, 1851. Still, we are quite willing to proceed decently and in order, and to have his claims sifted by a tribunal created for the purpose, before we add his Anniversary to the list of our Holidays. And to this end, in conformity with Pontifical usage on such solemn occasions, we propose to constitute the Hon. George Lunt, poet and prosecutor, "*Advocatus Diaboli*," or Devil's Attorney, to present and urge the objections to the conferring of the honour we have in view. Indeed it may be objected that our appointment is a mere work of supererogation, inasmuch as that learned gentleman already holds the place of Devil's Attorney, in his capacity of District Attorney for the United States. But then, on the other hand, we should consider that Shakspeare (who, you know, knew everything) tells us that

"The Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman:"

and certainly no gentleman would ever employ an attorney to do the dirty work of that office. So we shall, probably, hold to our first intention, and, if we may judge of the result from the success of the learned Attorney in the Rescue cases, Shadrach will be pretty sure of his place and his day in the Calendar.

The only Celebration of the Day, that I know of, is going on to-day, as the Fourth of July and other holidays are solemnized on the Fifth, if the regular day happen to fall on a Sunday. This consists in the distribution of about a thousand presents of great value to the merchants of State Street and Milk Street and their purlieus, to the members of the late Municipal Government, to the Judges, the United States Officials, and other citizens who honourably distinguished themselves from the parricidal hands of that Arch-traitor, Tom Sims, last April. It would have been better, perhaps, if these free gifts had been imparted on the day before the Anniversary Sabbath, inasmuch as that was the Feast of Holy Valentine, and such tender missives would not inappropriately have fallen under the auspices of that patron saint of lovers and penny-postmen. But the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, I am sorry to say, is not so regardful of these little elegancies and felicities as its well wishers could desire. It has, however, most bountifully dispensed its good things to those who were in need, asking nothing again. I have not yet heard of the manner in which these gifts were received, though I cannot doubt that they were most welcome. Nor will you, when you are told that the donative consisted of a thousand broadsides containing Wendell Phillips' Faneuil Hall Speech, on the last evening of the Annual Meeting. Though it is pretty well understood that the Abolitionists are a tolerably belligerent race, I suppose it was hardly thought even they could fire a thousand *broadsides*, at once, into State Street, "where merchants most do congregate," at the hour of High 'Change. It was a second Boston Massacre. If I can procure a correct list of the killed and wounded in time for my next bulletin, I will not fail to let you have it. I think a few shots must have told upon the old rotting hulk of battered Hunkerism.

It has been intimated to me that, by possibility, my Discourse of Revivals, in my last letter, may be misunderstood and taken in a sense I never contemplated—that it might seem irreverent and unrighteous to some. I cannot think that any of that eminently favoured and highly intelligent portion of the human race which enjoys the hebdomadal visitations of the *Standard* will mistake my drift in that passage. I expressed no opinion on the subject of Revivals of Religion in general, or of their philosophy or method. I merely exposed the hypocrisy of a minister, who, professing to believe that Revivals are the immediate work of the Holy Spirit, present in a special and extraordinary manner at the place where the work is going on, still undertakes to keep its operations within such limits as he may deem appropriate and becoming, as in the case of my Reverend friend of former days; as if he were entitled to regulate and direct the Operations of the Holy Ghost! But, especially did I propose to set out distinctly the absurd and wicked inconsistency of those ministers who have declared that the Spirit had been grieved away, the "Revival broken up," by the appearance of an Anti-Slavery lecturer in the town! These are the men who blaspheme the Holy Ghost, who commit the Unpardonable Sin; not I that merely stated the facts, though it were in plainer language than is commonly used

them within your city and county, and several districts. And in order that the same may be more effectually done, I do hereby direct you to charge all the constables and other officers to be diligent in their duty, and that they apprehend and bring before you, or some of you, all and every one so offending; as also all such persons as shall be found to harbour negroes, confederate or consort with them, that they may be proceeded against according to law. And in order that every one may have notice hereof, I do direct that you cause this letter to be read from time to time at your general quarter-sessions, and that you give in charge to the grand juries that they make inquiries concerning the offenders. I doubt not but you will have regard hereto, as it so highly concerns you all; and that you will take such prudent measures as may prevent any future disturbance.—I am, Gentlemen, your most humble servant, GEO. CLARKE."

Well, brethren, what an amazing improvement we have made upon the charter of our fathers, at this rate! You will see that the object of the above message was to suppress not only such meetings as this, but even private meetings for whatever purpose! We have lived 110 years, but we have advanced 220 years since our fathers suffered thus. They dare not meet all! Here we are at noonday assembled in the Chamber of the Common Council of Albany and the Capital of the State! and as I cast my eye out the window, I see the Governor's house within a stone-throw of the spot where I stand. What a change! New York City is not yet burned; its inhabitants not yet murdered; and yet we can hold meetings, private and public. This, perhaps, is still our offence.

The second edition of this book was published in 1810, 68 years after the event. The preface says:

"In estimating this singular event in our colonial history, the circumstances of the times should be considered before we too hastily condemn the bigotry and cruelty of our predecessors. The advantages of a liberal—indeed, of a plain—education was the happy lot of very few; intercourse between the colonies and the mother country, and between province and province, was very rare. Ignorance and illiberal prejudices universally prevailed. Their more favoured and enlightened posterity will, therefore, draw the veil of filial affection over the involuntary errors of the forefathers."

A writer in one of the popular prints of New York, a short time since, after reviewing the History, says:

"Twelve negroes were burnt at the stake, seventeen hung, and over fifty sent to the West Indies and sold. Some of these declared to the last that they made confessions to save their own lives. A careful perusal of the trial of those concerned in 'The Negro Plot' will convince modern readers that the good citizens of Gotham in that day were 'more frightened than hurt.'"

Thus, as far back as 40 years ago, the veil is called for to cover this strange document; and, within ten days, an able writer has admitted that the "citizens of Gotham were in that day more frightened than hurt."

The message of Gov. Clarke, to which I have alluded, is dated January 26, 1742, 110 years ago. But we have a later message that claims our attention at this time: it is that of January 6, 1852. I predict that in half of 40 years, posterity will ask for a veil to draw over the Message of the 6TH OF JANUARY, 1852.

Already it has been said to me in New York City, "Oh! you are making too much of the Governor's Message. The Governor did not *mean* to injure the interest of the coloured people of New York."

Now, in the first place, I will show what the New York Colonisation Society thinks of the Governor's Message. From the *Daily Times* I take the following:

THE NEW YORK STATE COLONISATION SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the New York State Colonisation Society, held Jan. 12, 1852, it was, on motion of Mr. G. P. Disosway,

Resolved, That the unanimous thanks of the New York State Colonisation Society be presented to his Excellency, Gov. Hunt, of New York, for the very able, independent, and favourable manner in which he has referred to the great plan of African Colonisation, in his recent Annual Message to the Legislature of our State.

Resolved, That we cordially concur in the sentiment he expresses on this subject—that "this is a work in which Christians and patriots can unite their efforts, without involving the country in political or geographical dissension."

Resolved, That we also unite with him in the hope that the Legislature of our State "will deem it in accordance with justice and policy, and an enlightened public sentiment, to manifest their approval of the cause, by a liberal appropriation for the furtherance of its benevolent design."

Extract from the Minutes.

ANSON G. PHELPS, President.

J. B. PINNEY, Corresponding Secretary.

What does that mean? What does it understand Gov. Hunt to mean?

In the next place, I should like to have Gov. Hunt and his apologists read the following anecdote from the Percy Collection, of Mr. Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and Chief Justice Moreton: "Mr. Moreton, Chief Justice of Chester, speaking in the House of Commons, made use of the phrase, 'Kings, Lords and Commons, or,' directing his eyes towards Mr. Pitt, 'as that Right Honourable member would call them, Commons, Lords and King.' Mr. Pitt rose, with great deliberation, and called to order. 'I have,' he said, 'frequently heard, in this House, doctrines which have surprised me; but now my blood runs cold. I desire the words of the honourable member may be taken down.' The Clerk of the House wrote down the words. 'Bring them to me,' said Mr. Pitt, in a voice of thunder. By this time, Mr. Moreton was frightened out of his senses. 'Sir,' he said, addressing himself to the Speaker, 'I am sorry to have given offence to the Right Honourable gentleman or to the House. I meant nothing. King, Lords and Commons; Lords, King and Commons; Commons, Lords and King; *tria juncta in uno;* I meant nothing! Indeed I meant nothing!' Mr. Pitt then arose and said: 'I do not wish to push the matter farther; the moment a man acknowledges his error, he ceases to be guilty. I have a great regard for the Honourable member, and, as an instance of that regard, I give him this advice, that whenever he means nothing, he will say nothing.'"

But, gentlemen, the attempt to make us believe that the Message means nothing, is the old "Lullaby, baby, daddy's gone a-hunting" story or song; and if we are soft and silly enough to be rocked to sleep while the artful song is being sung, we shall awake and find that the Message DOES mean something.

Let us look at the Message of January 6th, 1852. Hear the first paragraph which relates to us:

"The position and ultimate destiny of the African race on this continent is a subject eminently worthy to engage the attention of the humane and benevolent. The highest motives of patriotism and religion prompt us to co-operate in all rational measures intended to improve their unfortunate condition. But it is of the first importance in considering a question of this magnitude, surrounded by so many embarrassments, that we should discard the passions and prejudices which are too ready to usurp the place of common sense; that the spirit of faction should yield to the higher sentiments of a pure and generous philanthrophy; and that in this, as in the ordinary concerns of life, we seek for a plan having some practical connection with the object of our efforts."

To all this, I subscribe, fully, frankly and unreservedly. The sentiment indicates a kindness of heart, and a liberality of feeling, which elicits my sympathies. I recognise a fellow sentiment with that which fills my own mind. I say more, I have no serious objection to anything that follows until we come to the paragraph which serves as the connecting link to Colonisation. Here the cloven foot comes out. Read!

"It is evident that every scheme for the elevation of the African to a position of equality and full citizenship in our country, must prove delusive until pride and the sense of superiority shall have been extirpated from the human heart. The instincts of nature, too powerful to be counteracted by the refinements of an abstract reasoning, proclaim that the two races must sooner or later be separated."

The author of the Message, doubtless, differs from us in his views of the common origin of the human race. We believe that his theory is founded upon a false philosophy. We believe that the human race has a common creation—a common creation ancestrally—and by consequence a common destiny. But aside from this wide difference between the author of the Message of January 6th, 1852, and ourselves, on the matter of popular faith, in the providences of God, in reference to common origin and destiny of the human race, his theory is false in point of existing facts.

There are no instincts of nature that proclaim the necessity of a separation of what the author means by "two races." It is to be regretted that the author, standing in such a high position, where means for the most lofty and elevated reasoning were at his command, should have laid us under the necessity of replying to him from so broad a stand-point—a point from which we should naturally speak were we reasoning about the practicability of caging together two opposite species of the lower order of animals. The stand-point of the author's theory is entirely below the platform of humanity, to say nothing of justice and mercy. But the truth is, that the facts of commerce, trade and travel, contradict the theory that the instinct of nature proclaims the necessity of a separation of the "races." Commerce, trade and travel are daily and hourly bringing all the nations in the world to our shores. They navigate their ships into our ports; they enter our Custom-houses; they pass and repass on our streets; they stay among us; they choose their homes, some for a time, others permanently, according to these very instincts of which the author speaks. Moreover, the instinct of our countrymen, who, it is claimed, have instinct in reference to intercourse differing from others, leads them out into all the world, and even into the West Indies and into Africa, where the coloured race is predominant. They are found in these countries in large numbers, trading and trafficing, and great numbers abiding for life, from free choice. Now, it is marvellous that their instinct of nature should be one thing in one country and different in another.

There is then no need of international laws to compel men of different nations to come together for trade. The instincts of nature bring them—their natural love of gain. The only laws of commerce are those which regulate the principles upon which that trade shall be conducted; and, although I do not mean to introduce any extraneous matter here, yet I cannot forbear to remark, that there are those who believe that if Governors and Legislatures meddle less with the principles of commerce, and left men more to their own common senses, it would be far better for all interested. Passing by the obvious fallacy of the theory of the above paragraph, we next take the position that the religion of it is bad, barberous and horrible. Taking the moral instinct as it stands in our English tongue, it must mean that power which prompts the animal man to act without the application of that reason of which he is capable. Yet, the author says "*the instincts of nature are too powerful to be overcome by the refinement of abstract reasoning,*" &c.

This is the popular metaphysico theology, which, by the highest authority in the State we are to adopt. But, in the meantime, what becomes of such glorious abstract principles as these: "thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." And what becomes of the oft-repeated expositions of these which we hear from our christian pulpits? Are these "the refinement of abstract reasoning" to which the author of the message refers? If not, what are they? What does he mean? The author certainly refers to the principles of reasoning made use of by those who have plead for the equal and permanent rights of the coloured man in this land of his nativity, when he speaks of "the refinements of abstract reasoning." Well, what are these principles? Why, they have taken as their premises the most practical fact known to the natural consciousness of men—the fact of our nativity; and by fair inference they have deduced our claim to live and be clothed, fed, educated and protected in this land; and supposing themselves to be pleading a good case at a Christian tribunal, they have sought to give their arguments a Christian application by an appeal to those great abstract gospel principles to which we have referred.

But alas! authority tells us these principles are too abstract, and that the reasoning based upon them is too refined to overcome the instincts of nature, in the Christian people of America! Are there not more than twenty-five thousand ministers of Christ in the pulpits of this land whose duty it is to preach those principles? Are there not more than 4,000,000 of professing believers in this land who are, by their own profession, bound to obey these principles? Yet, we are to infer from high authority that these great principles of the Kingdom of God are like to fibres of silk refined away to meekness compared to the seven fold cords of old depravity that still binds them to the throne of the god of this World. And are they not converted then? Are they not as a city set upon a hill? We do not say the contrary. But the argument on the other side itself seems to impeach their Christian standing. What does it mean to say for them? Is it this: "We do not profess to be Christians, and we are fully aware that the abstract principles of the Gospel require us to love you. But these principles are too refined for us in your case; and therefore intend to substitute in their stead so much of the unsanctified instinct of nature as will enable us to exclude you wholly from our brotherhood?" But, if it should be said that this paragraph of the Message does not refer to the principles of the gospel, as we have thus inferred, we have only to say, that the question is safe since it remains to be brought to the test of the gospel. If, by the refinement of abstract reasoning, the author does not mean to refer to the efforts made use of to enforce the doctrine of human rights upon the high, ennobling and powerful principles of the gospel, then we think his alarm uncalled for; at least His Excellency should have suspended that expression of his fears, until he had seen these instincts fully and fairly combatted by the principles of the gospel.

But, even should we not be justified in coming to the conclusion that by the phrase "refinement of abstract reasoning," the author of the message refers to the principles of gospel, as we have sought to apply them to the conscience of the nation, yet still there is one other serious and irresistible inference that flows from the statement in the paragraph—and that is that whatever be or be not its meaning, it involves the interest not only of Civil, but also of *Religious* Liberty. It is well known that our condition differs widely for the better from that of our fathers to whom the Message of January 26, 1742, referred. The object of that Message was to suppress directly and absolutely all meetings held by them for whatever purposes, not excepting those of a religious nature.

But how different is the case with us. We have felt the refining influences of the Gospel. We have reared our temples, schools and dwellings. Though hated, there is a power in our position in this land, a power which is felt, and yet we are called upon to yield to a law which has no higher origin than the instincts of depraved nature—a law that bids us quit our temples, schools, and Christian dwellings, and become exiles.

If this law reigns, religious liberty goes to the wall. Be not deceived gentlemen; this, all this is involved in the question. It has often been the case, in the wisdom of God, that a despised class of men have been set for the rise or fall of a great principle of his moral government. It is so now in our case. If this principle of religious liberty falls with us in this land, who shall give a resurrection for a century to come?

This principle, in the persons of millions in the Old World, lies bleeding under the iron heel of tyrants and despots. Shall we allow it to receive a fatal stab here? If we do, the deed will convict us of moral cowardice. Our destiny is to defend and vindicate religious liberty. Let us, then, stand to the work with the dignity and coolness of men.

AID TO HUNGARY IN PHILADELPHIA IS A FAILURE.—The executive committee, on Saturday, at an adjourned meeting in Independence Hall, virtually dissolved, in consequence of the little interest manifested in the matter. The subscriptions raised by the committees to hold daily sessions at Independence Hall have amounted in all to less than one thousand dollars. It was stated that, with the exception of the contributions of members of the committee, only one dollar had been received during the last three days sitting in the hall. Other propositions were also abandoned, having been found utterly futile, owing to the apathy of the public mind on the subject.

——MORE SLAVES FOR CALIFORNIA.—Jas. Gadsden, of S. C., writes to the Shreveport, La., Gazette, that a colony of planters is organizing in South Carolina, to emigrate to California with from five to eight hundred slaves. They have sent a memorial to the Californian Legislature, asking leave to settle there with their slaves, and in going the overland route, they expect to be protected by a Government force.

Communications.

Notes and Comments, Observations and Reflections, Scenes and Sketches, Gleanings by the Way-side, &c., &c.

BY AN ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURER.

NO. VI.

CATTARAUGUS Co., East Otto, N. Y., Dec. 3.

SINCE last Thursday evening, the first evening of the Compromise Bill discussion, have held several Anti-Slavery meetings in this place. On Sunday evening, spoke in the Methodist Church, to an audience respectable, in point of numbers at least. My speech, though extremely radical in sentiment, and spiced with the usual amount of *abuse* of our rulers and pious D. D's., and their admirers and supporters, was endorsed by Elder Twichel (Presbyterian) in a few truthful and praiseworthy remarks. Elder Twichel is, to appearance, a warm-hearted honest Anti-Slavery man, though unfortunately connected with a pro-slavery church. Elder Thompson, (Baptist), was also I am told, at the meeting, but as usual—so I am told, by his neighbours—did not open his mouth for the dumb. It is said he does not believe in preaching against the *great* sins of the age. Whether or not he believes in preaching against *small* sins, I am not informed—very likely he does. It would not be strange if he were out against dancing, Sabbath-breaking, &c., every Sunday. Men of his stamp are generally very bold in their denunciations of *little* sins, especially if they are *unpopular*. He may be an exception, however. Perhaps he does not believe in preaching against sin at all. I think that I can imagine a sin, of which this government might be guilty, without adding anything to its criminality, against which the Rev. gentleman would preach powerfully.

The Methodist Society here, as everywhere, within the limits of my wanderings, is Anti-Slavery, excepting a very strong attachment its members have for a pro-slavery religion, and a total want of sympathy, on their part, with the Anti-Slavery enterprise. Of course, this constitutes them Anti-Slavery, all but—as the boys say—the Anti-Slavery.

But the second pull at the discussion came off last night. The Saviours of the Union were on hand, armed and equipped, as the slave law frequently directs, but with quite a different kind of weapon from that depended upon the first evening. They had made shipwreck of their faith in the doctrine of *expediency*, or rather abandoned the wreck, during the interval. What position did they assume, then? you inquire. Why, this, to be sure—that God is the Author of Slavery, the Bible sanctions it (of course the Declaration of Independence came from hell, or, at least, from the shallow brains of a few silly men), and the Fugitive Slave Law is *right*. Was not this a radical conversion? Surely, nothing short of a change of heart could have worked such a wonder, in so short a time. I think they must now be ready to be offered. How thankful ought they to be that their feet have been taken from the miry *Clay* of compromise and expediency, and planted on the great principle of God-ordained Slavery. It is due to the ex-Assemblyman to say, that he seemed to feel the awkwardness of his position most keenly—having, the first evening, very freely denounced the Fugitive-Slave Law, on principle. Vainly did he manœuvre to avoid committing himself to either position—now dipping his wings in the mud of expediency, then soaring aloft to the pinnacle of the higher law of Slavery, and finally, taking his flight to that land of renegades, Texas, where, after alternately soaring upward and swooping downward, gracefully and ungracefully, circling round the line of the disputed territory—occasionally touching at point thirty-six thirty—he settled down quietly, for the night. His "partner in distress," with more frankness, or less shame, I hardly know which, launched boldly forth upon the defence of Slavery, as a divinely appointed, Bible sanctioned institution—declaring the Negroes to be an inferior race of people, appointed unto Slavery by God himself—notwithstanding, he had, in the opening of the discussion, denounced the whole system of Slavery as wrong, and refused to be drawn into the discussion of the *rights of man*. Of course, we disposed of this miserable attempt at an argument, by the short hand process of appealing to the moral sense of the community, against all Slavery-authorizing Gods, and Slavery-sanctioning Bibles; and, advising this redoubtable gentleman to compare intellects with Ward, Douglass, Bibb, Remond, and other "wooly-heads," in this country, we showed up, as well as we could, the infamous character of the Fugitive Law, and the desperate wickedness of the system it was framed to uphold. The discusion is to be resumed, but not until a week from last night. Mr. R., though regarded as a strong lower-law advocate, and is, withal, a very valaint man, at least in the absence of an enemy, is determined, I believe, to be so crowded with business that he will not be able to bring on his "*strong* reasons" until the town is freed from the presence of disorganizing, incendiary Abolitionism.

One or two more meetings in this town, and I go on to Ashford, to try the metal of that community. I hope Providence, aided by a little of my own planning, will bring me round within reach of this place, next Tuesday night. I want to be here. The cause derives three advantages from such discussions, over ordinary lectures, viz: 1. We get the ears of some who are either too prejudiced or too indifferent to attend an Anti-Slavery lecture. 2. An argument in favour of Slavery, John C. Calhoun, I think it was, said, is as fatal to it—I think more so—as one against it. 3. The men who argue in its favour, by showing up their true positions in public, loose much of their influence, for evil, in private life.

Ashford, Dec. 20.—Arrrived in this place on Friday, the 5th instant. Lectured in the evening of the same day, having sent an appointment ahead. Meeting was tolerably well attended, considering the state of weather and roads. Elders Tainter (close-communion), and Parkyn (Free-will Baptists), were present. On arriving at the place of meeting, I was introduced by Dr. Wilson, a good Anti-Slavery man, to whom I had sent the notice of the meeting, to Elder Tainter, who was there before me. The Elder reluctantly consented to open the meeting by prayer—remarking that he had not been accustomed to take part in such meetings. This remark, though he treated me very respectfully, convinced me that I need not look to that quarter for aid. Before the meeting commenced, however, Elder Parkyn came in, and by the hearty shake he gave my hand, without waiting for a formal introduction, I knew that his heart was in the right place, as the saying is. Of course, the responsibility of the prayer was thrown upon Elder P.'s shoulders, nor was he at all backward about discharging it. The manner in which he disposed of the preliminaries, together with a few introductory remarks, showed that *he* was not altogether *unaccustomed* to such work.

At the close of the meeting, after appointing several other meetings, I accepted a very pressing invitation from Elder P. to accompany him to his residence, and make his house my home, as long as it would suit my convenience. Was cordially welcomed by Mrs. P., an intelligent and excellent Anti-Slavery woman, and the mother of several interesting children, all of whom they intend shall grow up radical Abolitionists. My wife, who, as often as circumstances will allow, so far compromises the dignity of her sex as to publicly advocate the claims of coloured humanity, joined me the next morning. Finding a portion of the field already white for the harvest, and the labourers but few, we spent something more than two weeks, mainly, in this town, making the village our head-quarters. We have had a good time here during the last two weeks. The Abolitionists, conscious of the justice of their cause, have been as bold as lions; the lower-law demagogues and willing tools of tyrants, conscious of their weakness and wickedness, have retreated to their dens, to growl forth their displeasure—not daring to measure arms with the "fanatics," on the field of open and manly discussion. The creed and custom-bound conservatives have, of course, drawn their heads into their shells, and doggedly braced themselves against the upward and onward influences exerted around them—while the skulking time-servers, *on the fence*, have been sadly puzzled to know which way to jump. We have had an old fashioned Anti-Slavery revival here. A society numbering about forty members, has been formed; an Anti-Slavery Library, consisting of such books as we had with us, and one copy of the *Standard*, established by the ladies, and several copies of the *Standard* subscribed for, by individuals. If this society shall prove true to the cause in which it has so earnestly engaged, what a mighty influence will it exert upon the surrounding communities, in favour of the perishing bondmen of this land of rotten republicanism and sham Christianity. It affords me much pleasure to say that Elder Parkyn remained our firm friend and ally, from the commencement to the close of our labours in this place. Besides taking great pains to get the people out, and generously soliciting me, on several occasions, to preach the Gospel of Liberty, in the time of his own regular appointments, he has accompanied me to nearly every one of my appointments, during our stay here, travelling, sometimes, several miles on foot, when the going would scarcely admit of other modes of conveyance. I regret that I cannot say as much of his Brother in the ministry, Elder Tainter. It is true, he attended our meetings and occasionally made an Anti-Slavery prayer *in the abstract*, while he could do so without *committing* himself to the Anti-Slavery platform. But when matters reached a point where he was called upon to identify himself with the cause of the slave, like the majority of our spiritual shepherds, he "came up missing." He could not consent to join the Anti-Slavery ranks, lest he should seem to sanction preaching politics on the Sabbath. Some of the Anti-Slavery lectures presented the political aspect of Slavery, on the Lord's day. The lecturer present with us (referring to myself) had done so on Sabbath evening last. (I had spoken, on the occasion referred to, of the party cords which bound the servile North to do the infernal bidding of the Slave power.) He feared, by joining the Abolitionists, he should sanction such proceedings. His conscience was tender on this point. I presume it had never troubled him on account of his having become a member and preacher of a denomination, thousands of whose members are in the daily practice of selling children, by the pound, and forcing virtuous and helpless women into a state of the most degrading and horrible prostitution. This was a matter of no consequence. But to even *seem* to countenance preaching against a system of diabolical politics, on the Sabbath, was a *terrible* thing. How applicable to such men is the language of Christ. "*Ye blind guides! which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel!*" On being asked, if he would not preach against legislative enactments for the enslavement of his own wife and children, on the Sabbath, he had nothing but evasion for an answer. But every one knows perfectly well that he would, and none know it better than himself. Why don't he do it now? Because this horrible outrage is inflicted upon other men's wives and children. Yet he preaches that all those who do not embrace the Gospel, which requires the doing unto others what we would have them do to and for us, must go down to the regions of the damned, forever. Does he believe it, think you? And this is the miserable excuse offered by one of "God's ambassadors," for refusing to identify himself with the cause of the bleeding millions of his plundered brethren in this land. Why did he not have the frankness to say that it would injure his reputation in the *Baptist denomination*.

But I must not omit speaking of the winding up of the discussion in Otto. Providence *did* permit me to be present on that occasion. Elder Parkyn accompanied me, and gave the lower-law men a strong pull against *their Bible doctrine* of Slavery. Mr. R. made a grand speech in praise of *Constitution*, *Union*, and *Liberty*, with the Fugitive Slave Law for his text. He was in raptures; and but that the occasion forbade it, I think he would have had the *power*. I have seldom seen a better practical illustration of the "*devil* in an *angel's* garb." We asked, would he assist in sending his wife into Slavery, at the bidding of law? He promised to answer, but forgot it. We reminded him of his promise. He was not quite ready. We called upon him again, but he was silent. We pressed him for an answer. He tried to equivocate; but it would not do. He was in a dreadful fix. He *dared* not say yes. If he said no, he would knock the key-stone out of his whole argument. He struggled desperately, but only sunk deeper into trouble. At last, he cried out, in great distress, saying, he would not do wrong, even at the bidding of law. O! Millard and Daniel forgive him, for he knew not what he said, being hard pushed and sorely straitened. And besides, he soon tried to repent, but could find no space for repentance. He hath now no hope but in you.

LETTER FROM STEPHEN S. FOSTER.

GROTON, Tompkins Co. N. Y. Jan. 23, 1852.

DEAR GAY: As your readers were informed, several weeks since, of our return to the lecturing field, they are, doubtless, surprised that no appointments for us have yet appeared in the *Standard*. Permit me to inform them that it is not from any distrust of your *willingness* to serve us in the capacity of herald that we have neglected to send you a list of our appointments for publication, but from a conviction of your utter inability to render us any "material aid" in that capacity. It is still our lot, as in years past, to occupy missionary ground; and instead of depending on the *Standard* to introduce us to our several fields of labour, your paper is indebted to us for an introduction to most of the places which we visit. Even the Abolitionists of this region are ignorant of the existence of such a journal. Most of them never heard of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, and the few who have, suppose it expired, for want of support, many years ago.

But there is another objection to notifying our meetings through the columns of the *Standard*—an objection which grows out of the manner in which we conduct our operations. Instead of giving a single lecture in a place, as is done by most Anti-Slavery lecturers, we have adopted the protracted meeting system of our evangelical churches, believing, as we do, that these "children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." No class of men know better how to impress the popular mind. Experience has shown the vast superiority of a series of meetings, in succession, over the same number of single ones, where the heart is to be impressed. Indeed, we have often found the interest in ours to rise in geometrical ratio, as they progressed from day to day, for several successive days. But precisely how long our time can be profitably employed in any given place, cannot be foreseen. Much will depend on circumstances over which we can have no control. If the soil appears, on examination, to possess productive qualities, and we can have houses to speak in without interruption, we usually continue our meetings from four to seven days, and in large villages, occasionally, for a longer time. But if our first experiment indicates a sterile and unproductive soil, if we discover an unusual absence of moral principle, and especially if the place is given up to the low and degrading vice of intemperance, we cut short our visit, and hasten away in search of a more promising field. But in pursuing this course, it will be seen to be impossible to make appointments in advance. We must give them out from day to day, and trust to the promptness and activity of our friends to give them proper circulation.

There is still another difficulty in making our appointments in advance, and one which is mainly obviated by this mode of procedure. Should we send an appointment into a place where both we and our cause are strangers, we should probably find, on our arrival, that no arrangements had been made for a meeting, and that the whole labour of getting it up was left upon our hands, and that, too, with no one to open his doors for our reception. But in our present course, there are usually present at our meetings persons from neighbouring towns who become interested in our cause, and invite us to their respective places, with an assurance of all necessary aid, and the hospitalities of at least one home. Thus are we relieved of the very disagreeable duty of introducing ourselves into places where we are utter strangers.

Since our arrival in this State, we have held meetings in Lavanna, Lake Ridge, Ludlowville, Five Corners, and West Groton, and have spoken five times in this place. Owing to the extreme severity of the weather, bad travelling and the almost universal prevalence of influenza, the attendance at our meetings has not been as numerous, nor have the results been as satisfactory, as might have been anticipated under more favourable circumstances.

With a single exception (this place), we have encountered very little open opposition, the enemies of Liberty choosing rather to play the assassin with our reputation, and thereby weaken the force of our testimony against them. But even this kind of opposition is becoming daily less formidable. The enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the outrages which are constantly occurring under its sanction, have greatly weakened the popular attachment to the Union, and are fast paving the way for a revolution far more glorious than that which Kossuth contemplates for the redemption of his beloved Hungary.

Three of our meetings in this place have been held in the Presbyterian house, one in the Academy, and one (that on Sunday) in the wheelwright's shop of our devoted friend Adin Morton. There are two other churches in the village, a Baptist and a Methodist, but neither of them has been opened to us, nor has either of their ministers been present at any of our meetings. The Methodists have a revival in progress, and that is made an excuse for refusing to listen to the cries of the bleeding slave. They, priest and Levite like, deem it of more importance to make converts to the religion of a church whose very discipline tolerates its members in holding slaves, than to exert themselves to give liberty, the institution of marriage, and the Bible, to three millions of their countrymen who are deprived of these inestimable blessings. The Presbyterian minister, Mr. Close, has attended most of our meetings, and participated in the discussion. He is an able man and good speaker, but deficient in that high regard for truth and justice which is essential in a Christian reformer. His manner has been courteous throughout; but in his defence of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which has been the subject of discussion for the last two evenings, one would have taken him for an astute and subtle lawyer rather than a minister of the meek and lowly Jesus. His apology for voting for slaveholders on the plea of "the least of evils," had it come from a crafty politician, would not have surprised me; but I do not recollect ever to have heard anything like it from the lips of a clergyman. He subsequently, however, disavowed the argument as representing his own principles in the matter, but supposed it might represent the principles which governed the Methodists in voting for slaveholders and pro-slavery men.

Mr. Close was assisted in his defence of the Methodist Church by two of its members in this place, and by a minister of that denomination from the village of Homer. The gentleman from Homer distinguished himself for candour and a regard for truth and the facts of history, but I think none could fail to discover that he felt the task of defending the Church against our charges to be a difficult one. He admitted that most that we had said of the Church was true of it twenty years ago, but contended that, since the division, it had materially reformed. To this we replied, that, however it might be with a portion of the members, the position of the Church, as a body, was unchanged. It had the same discipline as formerly, and still allowed its members and local preachers to hold slaves, and a very large proportion of its members were supporters of the great political parties of the country, and as such were not only concerned in supporting Slavery, but also in the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law.

Our meeting this evening will be occupied in considering the position and character of the Presbyterian and Baptist Churches, and will, probably, be the last we shall hold in this place. We go from this place to Elmira, and purpose to spend a few weeks in that vicinity. Elmira will be our Post Office for two weeks from this date.

My health at present is unusually good. We have held meetings nearly every evening since our arrival in the State, besides several day meetings, and yet I have had no trouble with my lungs, except in a single instance, and that only for two or three days. The atmosphere of Western New York is much more congenial to the peculiar state of my respiratory organs than that of New England. But Mrs. Foster is suffering severely from cold, and speaks with great difficulty. Unless her health improves soon, she will be obliged to leave the lecturing field. She remains, however, with the *hope*, daily, of being better.

In a recent number of the *Standard*, you complain that the Agents neglect to furnish you with notices of their labours. I cannot speak for others, but, in my own case, this neglect has been occasioned by the conviction that the columns of the *Standard* might be more profitably occupied with other matter than with any thing which I could write. I do not hold the pen of a ready writer, and therefore think I had better confine my efforts to another department of labour. But, allowing you to be the better judge, I will hereafter furnish occasional notices of our meetings, if you desire it.

S. S. FOSTER.

Miscellaneous News.

AT Cleveland, nine ladies are studying the Homœopathic system of medicine.

——On the 9th inst., a gold medal, of beautiful design and workmanship, was presented to HENRY CLAY, at Washington, by a Committee of his friends from this city.

——THE fictitious reply of Hulsemann to Webster, originally published in the *Boston Commonwealth*, was written by Hildreth, author of the new History of the United States.

——THE Society of Friends separated in New York, in 1828. The Hicksites, at their last meeting, agreed to pay over to the other division $25,000, or one-half the estimated value of the property at the time of the separation.

——JOSIAH QUINCY, Sen., though past the age of four-score, is said to be arranging a municipal history of Boston, with whose fame his public career is closely associated, and over whose government he was placed for six successive years.

——REFUSAL OF THE ALDERMAN OF LOUISVILLE TO INVITE KOSSUTH TO THE CITY.—The Board of Aldermen of Louisville rejected for the fourth time a resolution inviting Kossuth to visit that city. The vote was unanimous.

——THE GREEK SLAVE.—An old lady who visited the celebrated statue of Power, a day or two since, exclaimed to her daughter, as her eye rested on the snowy marble. "La, Jemima, it ain't a nigger after all." Imagine Jemima's confusion!—*Southern Literary Gazette.*

——WHEN the writer of a letter wishes to protect it from being opened and destroyed at the Post Office Department, Washington, if it should happen to get there as a "dead letter," he can do so by pre-paying the postage, and writing on the sealed side "*to be preserved.*"

——NEW KIND OF GOLD DOLLARS.—The Philadelphia Mint has just struck a gold dollar coin of a new design. It consists of a flat ring, on which there is a superscription but no head, as the place for the head is cut out. This new form makes the coin conveniently large, so that it is not liable to be mistaken for a three cent or five cent piece.

——COLOURED PRIMA DONNAS.—Miss Greenfield is not the only coloured *prima donna*. A lady black as midnight is making a sensation as a vocalist in France and Spain; her name is Marequita Martinez, a Cuban. She is a *pet* of the Queen of Spain. There is also a young girl of Tahiti, named Ovea who now is, or was lately singing in Paris with the most magnificent soprano voice in the world. So nightingales need not all be white.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

——MCCREARY, the Elkton kidnapper, has been indicted at Baltimore for an assault upon and false imprisonment of Rachel Parker, the girl whom he abducted from Nottingham. He gave bail in the sum of $300, and that is probably the last that we shall hear of the matter.—*Pennsylvania Freeman.*

——PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE WISCONSIN ASSEMBLY.—The members of the Assembly, as a whole, are a very good-looking set of fellows. We will let our readers see them, a minute or two, as we see them. With three exceptions, they are all in their seats. It is near the close of a long and sleepy debate, and is three minutes after a division, when all were called to their feet. Number wearing glasses, 6—number *using* glasses with something in them, not known. Number with their feet on their desks, in front, so as to bring them on a level with their heads, 12. They are generally lawyers and old members, whose *understandings* are in their boots, and who employ the law of gravitation to preserve an equilibrium between their heels and their heads. Number with whiskers, 42—with small whiskers, 20—full grown and natural, 1. Number who chew tobacco, 38—who smoke, 40—who use the carpet instead of the spittoon, 37. We believe they don't generally do this in private parlors, though we cannot say positively. Number who expect to be Governor, 60—ladies men, 30—handsome men, 00—homely men, 10—good looking men, 36—quite good-looking men, 15—very good-looking men, 5. Sensible men—can tell better at the end of the session. Number who crawfish, 44—who fiddle, 1—who face the music, 6—who will dance before the session closes, 60. Number who damn Free Soilers openly, 12—secretely, 25—who respect Free Soilers, 66.—*Milwaukie Free Democrat.*

——WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—"The severe scorching and lashing, Mr. Stanly, of N. C., gave that arch-demagogue, Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, *delighted the House, and men of all parties.* It was terribly severe, and its terrible truth made it seem unmerciful as Stanly laid on the blows; and as Giddings winced, pity was mingled even with the sense of justice, that Giddings deserved it all."—*Express.*

☞ Of course such Billingsgate as that by which Mr. Stanly disgraced himself "delighted the House." The taste of that dignified body has been for a long time established; and when Mr. Stanly went on to call Mr. Giddings a *dead dog*, and to talk about his having eaten oysters with *negroes*, and to boast of having cut him up in a *dissecting room*, &c., he knew perfectly how to hit the sense of the House, and "delight men of all parties." If he had used such language in a respectable bar-room he would have been set down as a voluble blackguard. If he had used it in a gentlemen's parlor, he would have been kicked out. But as he was only talking in *Congress*, as a matter of course, he "delighted the House."

Mr. Giddings may have "deserved it all," though upon such points we should not select the *Express* as high authority. But it is not usual for respectable men to convert a hall of legislation into a *stew*, for the sake of giving unpleasant men their "deserts." Mr. Stanly once had a high reputation for qualities which such performances as that which the *Express* extols, will speedily render traditional.—*Times.*

Deaths.

PARK—In Boston, Mrs. Mary Frances, wife of Hon. John C. Park, and daughter of Col. Abm. Moore.

THAXTER—In Dorchester Mass., of ship fever, Dr. Robert Thaxter, 75.

BOWMAN—In New Braintree, Mass., Hon. Joseph Bowman.

BALLOU—At Bridgewater, Mass., Adin Augustus Ballou, aged 19, only son of Adin Ballou of Hopedale.

KNIGHT—In Putney, Vermont, on the 1st inst., Mrs. Jane Charlotte Knight, daughter of Rev. Broughton White, and sister of Mrs M. A. W. Johnson, aged 45 years.

Notices.

Agents of the Massachusetts A. S. Society.

AT a recent meeting of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, Lecturing Agents were appointed as follows; PARKER PILLSBURY, LUCY STONE, DANIEL FOSTER, GEORGE W. PUTNAM, JOSEPH J. LOCKE, and ALONZO J. GROVER. DANIEL S. WHITNEY of Boylston, and WILLIAM H. FISH of Milford, were also appointed Agents for occasional lecturing service. Rev. WILLIAM B. STONE of West Brookfield is expected to commence a lecturing agency in March. LEWIS FORD was appointed Financial Agent, to include lecturing also, as opportunity may arise.

SAMUEL MAY, JR., WAS re-appointed General Agent.

CHARLES C. BURLAIGH is labouring in Plymouth county, as an Agent of the Old Colony Anti-Slavery Society.—M.

Anti-Slavery Meeting at Union Village, N. Y.

THE First Annual Meeting of "Old Saratoga" District Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Union Village, Washington County, New York, to commence at 2 o'clock, P. M., on TUESDAY, Feb. 24th, to continue through the evening, and the following day and evening, and perhaps the forenoon of Thursday, the 26th.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON and PARKER PILLSBURY will be in attendance.

Every friend of the Slave and every enquirer after truth, in Eastern New York, but more especially in Saratoga, Rensselaer and Washington Counties, is earnestly invited to attend and participate in our deliberations. SAMUEL WILBUR, Secretary.

North Easton, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1852.

Bristol County, Mass., and Rhode Island.

LEWIS FORD and ALONZO J. GROVER, Agents of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will hold meetings as follows:

Pawtucket, R. I., Sunday, Feb. 22.
Apponaug, (Warwick), Tuesday evening, Feb. 24.
Coventry, Wednes. and Thurs. ev'gs, Feb, 25 and 26.

Plymouth County, Mass.

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, an Agent of the old Colony Anti-Slavery

Miscellany.

THE POOR HENRY.

BY HASTMANN VON DER AUE.

Rendered into prose from the German, for the New York Evening Post.

[The following story of "The Poor Henry" is taken from a German poet of the twelfth century, Hastmann von der Aue, who relates it in beautiful, easy, flowing verse. It is of double interest now, because it forms the foundation of Mr. Longfellow's last poem, "The Golden Legend." The subject has also been treated by the German poet Chamisso, and has been generally considered as full of touching tenderness. Mr. Longfellow has, of course, taken only the burden of the story, as Goethe, in his Faust, followed the old traditionary tale of the doctor who leagued himself with the evil spirit.

We are indebted to our friend Mr. Roelker, a prominent member of the Boston Bar, for this the only English version of the story ever printed, and, we presume, the American public will be indebted exclusively to him for the information that such a story exists. Its moral is a good as well as a profound one, and we commend it to the sober meditations of our readers. It breathes the peculiar religious sentiment of the age in which it was written—some six hundred years ago—and gives a faithful picture of the spiritualism of that period. The translation is distinguished for its fidelity to the quaint simplicity of the original.]

I.

Tradition tells us there lived once, in Suabia, a noble lord, possessed of all the honours and virtues that ought to deck, in their fullness, a young and noble knight. The land was full of his praise. The proud lord was known as an equal, in birth, to any princes, and rich in estates as many kings, but richer still in fame for his deeds of chivalry. Henry, he was called, and surnamed "von Aue." Falsehood and indecorum were hateful to him. His life was devoted to the acquisition of honourable distinctions.

He was an example of virtue, a mirror in which nobility was reflected: in faith steady as adamant, a protection and a refuge for the oppressed, a shield to his followers, and, withal, a generous fountain of wise counsel, a winsome minstrel, and comely to look upon in face and make. How could he fail to reach all hearts and all honours.

But, alas, all this glory and lustre were to be changed into misery. His lofty soul became perverted, his joyous mind burdened with grief, sunk into despondency and wretchedness. Whoever depends on sensual joys is hovering above the abyss of death. The much praised joy of earth consumes with woe the human breast, and vain is its bright sheen, and direful pain waits in its train.

The taper shining brightly and turning to ashes within, is an image of the life of man and his earthly struggles. Frailty is our lot; we ween ourselves in fortune's lap, till our smiles are quenched in tears. Alas! the honey of our life gets mixed with the wormwood of bitter woe. Therefore, O man, be prepared; in the brightest days of thy bloom, the sword of the Lord will strike thee low.

Sir Henry, who had lived happily and full of all honours, was, through God's providence, direly smitten. Hard was the trial that came upon him, like a thunderbolt in sweet slumber. His comely person became the loathing of all the world, disfigured with sores and venomous wounds, which soon proved to be leprous. With a like pain the Lord smote Job of old, that he might try him, whether in affliction he would adhere to godliness.

Sir Henry, loved and honoured once by man and woman, now was shunned and scorned by all. So easily is the affection of men alienated.

When poor Henry saw what had befallen him, and how people shunned him, and even scorned his pain, he, too, then changed, as many will, when some calamity unawares lights on them; his grievous woe made him forsake Job's godliness. Job bore, with a pious mind, the hard trial that made him a horror and an offence before all the world. He praised God, and felt glad of the bitter trial. But poor Henry did not do so; his heart forgot his foremost duty. His once gay spirit became gloomy, the cheerful lustre of his eyes faded, and his buoyant spirit sank within him. The blow that smote him was too heavy; dark night veiled the brightness of his sun. His overweening heart bore its mortifying afflictions with impatience; he often cursed the day that he was born.

The only consolation in his distress was hope; he though, by his wealth, he must be able to overcome the calamity which God had laid upon him. But, alas, his power was too small to contend against Him. He sent for physicians from the east and west, and north and south, but all their consultations together ended in their telling him that he must bear the curse which had been laid upon him, for they could not help him. While the poor man was brooding with dismay over the report of the physicians, he received intelligence which renewed the expiring embers of hope in his breast. He was told that in Salerno there lived a physician who might afford him relief, though no one else could.

Poor Henry sat out without delay for Salerno, where he found the master; he explained to him his distress and offered him great rewards if he should succeed in curing him. Then the master spoke, "There is indeed a remedy that might heal you, still you will never get healed."

Then spake Henry, "How can this be? You do not give me the whole truth. If there be a remedy for me, I shall recover. Whatever you may bid me do, I will do and suffer that I may rid myself of this woe."

Then the master said: "Listen to me: as to your disease, things stand thus: there is a remedy to heal you, but no one can give it. Many a one has got it, yet will not give it to you, and you can never in your life obtain it through money and reward, nor by force and dauntless undertakings. Therefore, if God will not help you, bear it patiently and quietly."

"Ah," spoke the poor sick man, "do you take joy in withholding from me the last comfort? Wealth and power are given me; consider well, whether you will heedlessly forego my money and rewards. I will make you rich if you will help me and tell the remedy, what it is!"

The master spoke, "I do this cheerfully, though it will bring you no hope. If the remedy could, indeed, be bought, or if it could be obtained in any way, I should let you suffer no longer. But I can give you no assistance, for you can be saved alone through a pure maiden, who, chaste and modest, is ready to lay down her own young life for yours. The heart's blood of such an one would cure you; but you know that no one can be hired to die for another."

Now, poor Henry saw that he could never be relieved, for he could never find a maid that would be willing to die for him. All the hope which brought him to Salerno disappeared. He hastened home, and wished to die. He took all his money and estates, and proceeded to distribute them among his friends and the poor, and prayed to God in mercy to save his soul, and lay him gently in his grave. Of all that he had once possessed, he kept nothing but a small house and a little farm. Here he lived apart from all the world, waiting for death, as his only refuge. All the land pitied the wretched man; whoever heard his name wept for him.

The little farm where Henry resided was tilled by a poor countryman whose heart was without a sorrow. He was content with what fortune had bestowed on him, and among his equals he even passed for rich, because through the kindness of his lord he did not work for naught, and could use, without stint, all that the little farm would yield. Henry now lived with him. The peasant waited on him faithfully and cheerfully, never shrinking from the revolting duties which every morning re-imposed.

God looked upon this honest man with favour. He gave him health, a gladsome heart, an honest wife, and fair children. Among them was a young maiden, lovely, gay and tender, who was now in her tenth year, with clear blue eyes and ruddy cheeks, flaxen hair, and a wondrous lovely face.

The dear good child was so devoted to the sick lord that she but seldom left him, but served him patiently for his friendly words and greeting. All others fled far away from the sore sick man, but she was near to him whenever she was wanted. Her child-like spirit was ever ready to soothe and comfort him.

He loved the good child for her devotion, and he often bought for her such trinkets as children most delight in. Sometimes he would give her a gay ribbon, which he wound in her hair, then a mirror or a little ring, a belt and the like. She was so grateful and so gay, that grief would leave him and he would jesting say, that she was his little wife, and he her spouse. Thus, through love and child-like confidence, she soothed his pain, and was balsam to his heart and sweet delight to his eyes.

Three years had already passed away since this woe had come upon him, and his health was not yet restored. One day, near the evening dusk, the peasant and his wife, and with them their little daughter, sat together speaking of their lord, and how gladly they could help him. They felt sorely troubled for him, and feared his death would bring sad affliction upon them. They felt that there was not such another lord on earth, and that if he should die, their good fortune might die with him.

Then the bondman spoke to his lord: "Beloved lord, I would dare to ask, with your leave, why you have never yet taken counsel of physicians, who always speak so boastingly of what they do and can. No doubt there will be one at least that may relieve you of your disease. Why then have you not consulted them?"

The sick man heaved a painful sigh, as if his heart would break, and thus began to speak: "I deserved this direful woe from God in proper time. My mind was bent upon vain, earthly things: I only thought how I might win honours from the world. For this aim, I used all the gifts which God had bestowed on me with bounty, but for better ends, no doubt, I had quite forgotten the Bountiful Giver of all those goods which made me lose his grace, and shut out from me the paths to Heaven, so that, being lost both here and yonder, woe and wretchedness were sent to me. His strong hand, which I recognised but too late, smote me. Since He has thus visited me, I am cast out, cursed and shunned by all the world: the meanest might speak in scorn of me; no serf looks at me, but weens himself the better of the two; he turns his eyes from me, lest the very sight of me shall do him harm. May God reward you, good man, that you let me dwell with you, and do not shun me, wretched man, that cannot requite your faithfulness. However great the pity, which makes you wait on me now, you must still be glad at heart if I should die. How deeply am I sunk! I that was born your lord, must now beseech you, graciously to look on me. God, however, will bestow on you His blessing for the pity you show a poor wretch like me. I will, however, answer what you ask me. I have sought out physicians, most skilled in their art, but they told me that there was no help for me on earth. There is, indeed, one remedy, but that I can never command. One physician, wiser than the rest, told me that a pure maiden must die, and with her heart's blood I might be restored. But where is the maid who would give up her life for a wretch like me? I must bear the wrath of the Highest. Ah! that death would release me soon!"

Whilst thus he spoke to the father, the maiden sitting at his feet, as was her wont, heard him too, and forgot none of his words. She kept within her heart all that he had said. Her soul was like an angel's in purity and kindness.

At night, when her parents had gone to sleep in their little chamber, bitter sobs struggled forth from the maiden's breast, and tears gushed from her eyes, fountain-like, awakening her parents.

To their inquiry into the cause of her disquiet, she answered:

"Alas, what else can it be than the woe of our good lord, whom we soon shall lose. We can find no other so gentle and good as he, and who will do by us what he is doing."

They spoke: "Daughter, you say true; but sorrow avails us nothing. We grieve for it as much as you, but what can we do? It is God that will take him away from us, therefore we must meekly bear it; for it would be wrong to murmur against Him."

Thus spake they to the maiden, but gave no comfort to her heart. She sorrowed through the night, nor did the day abate her grief; she heeded not what others did. Thus the hour for rest returned to her still distressed. In her faithful heart she brooded over the words he had spoken, and debated long within herself, until her tears no longer flowed. She had now made up her mind to lay down her young, pure life for Henry.

Having firmly thus resolved, her grief entirely left her. Only one thought yet gave her pain, that her lord might not be willing she should take this daring step; and if she should ask her parents, that their love for her might raise objections.

This was a new source of sorrow to the maiden, and she wept as in the night before, until her father woke. He spoke: "What is the matter, foolish child? why do you cry your eyes stone blind for things which you cannot change? When will you leave off wailing? Stop now, and let us sleep in quiet." Thus he began to chide her, for he knew not what her mind was bent upon.

The earnest-hearted maid replied: "Our good lord has told us that there is a means to save him yet. If you will give me leave, my blood shall flow for him; I am still a maid, and am ready to lay down my life to preserve his."

The maiden's parents felt sorely grieved at these words. The father spoke: "What are you talking? You foolishly undertake what you can never carry out. What does a child know of such things? You have not yet seen death, and if your life should be threatened and you should stand upon the brink of the grave, your heart would soon fail you, and you would withhold your hand from death if he should show himself ready to draw you into his embrace. Therefore, be quiet, child; leave off thy wailing, and do not attempt things for which you are not equal."

"My father," replied the child, "though I may be yet foolish, I know that death is woe. But it is not less true, that the end of the longest life is death, after many bitter days of anguish and care. Of what avail is it, then, to grieve and endure a long life of trouble, and perhaps misery, if, in the end, we attain nothing but what we can have, with little pain, in our youthful days? It is hard to guard the soul through all of life's temptations, and it were better I had never been born than peril its salvation. Therefore, I will pray God with all my heart, that he will grant me the grace, and take me young into the enjoyment of everlasting bliss. You must not make it hard for me to do what will tend so greatly to our common happiness. You shall continue to take care of our good lord, who, in turn, will provide generously for you. As long as he lives, the product of his farm will be yours; for he is too good to drive you off; but if he dies, we shall all come to want and ruin together. I therefore will give my life to preserve his and your happiness. Thus let it be."

When the parents saw the earnestness of their daughter, the mother, in passionate grief, exclaimed: "Consider, my dear child, the painful agony with which I brought thee into the world, and abandon this awful purpose! Is this to be the reward of all my sufferings, and the end of all my hopes? Wilt thou forsake thy poor mother? It is ingratitude to God as well as to us. It is written, 'God gives a long life to him who loves his parents.' Thy heart is perverted, and at enmity with God. Thou wouldst give thy life for our sakes; thou wilt rather destroy ours with thine, for it is thou alone of all else in this world that makest us love to live. Indeed, my beloved daughter, thou art our joy, the sun of our life, the end and aim of our endeavours, the comfort and staff of our old age; yet thou would'st an early death should tear thee away from us, and turn our joy into sorrow. And if I must stand at thy grave and perish, then learn that as thou forsakest us, God will forsake thee, and bring thee to everlasting misery."

Then spoke the pious maiden: "My dearest mother, I can never forget my duty. Each day of my life renews the memory of your kindness. Though young in years, I know that whate'er I have, I owe to you; when people praise me, and love, it is thee I thank. Be sure, therefore, that I shall do nothing to which thou wilt not give thy cheerful consent.

"As yet, no sin nor vain desires have preyed upon my youthful heart; of course, by death I must enter into the good God's heaven. Say not my mind is led astray; God himself made me as I am; to Him you must render thanks that He turned my heart from the joys of this life, and from sin's alluring snares. God knows how little I now regard the pleasures and the joys of this world, for its pleasure brings pain, and its joy, sadness to the heart. Neither birth nor riches, neither strength nor courage, neither honour nor virtue, can protect us. Therefore, dear mother, lay aside this grief, and assure me that you desire my true and higher happiness. Then I also know my father, too, will not withhold from me his blessing.

"To what end should you or I desire to prolong my days? Two years, perhaps, or three, I should stay with you; then, or sooner, Lord Henry will have died; you will be left in poverty, and I without a dowry. Then I should lead a life of misery greater than death. But if I should not come to this distress, and if, during the lite of my lord, you should give me to a spouse, then you think all were right? Alas, not so. For if I love him, my poverty will destroy me; and if I do not love him death would be preferable to his embrace. In other case, I must struggle through a life of trouble and privation. But now, One was sure, to whom I fain would devote both body and soul: with Him I shall live in joy; to Him I gladly devote myself. He is more powerful than men, for whatever He undertakes succeeds; His plough goes at all times, His house is rich, His fields are broad, His horses never die, His beeves do not perish; with Him, no child ever wails; where He is, there is neither heat nor cold, none grow old with years, nor does trouble come unto them; pleasure and content abound without ceasing. Then let me go and leave this vale of woe, where a single day often sweeps away what you have toiled for all the year, and where storms, and lightning, and hail destroy the harvests, grown with much labour. You love me? Then show it, and let that be done which will speedily translate me to glory and happiness, and let me return to my redeemer, to my Lord Jesus Christ, whose mercy is without change, whose love embraces all his creatures, and who does not hate even sinners—in whose eyes all are alike, high and low, rich and poor. He will receive me as lovingly as if I were a queen. Then will I ever be cherished in your heart, and will never trifle with your affection. Do not believe that I am raving. Other children have been given you take joy in them, and with them console yourself for my absence. Let me secure my own salvation, and save Lord Henry's life. O, mother! weep not, wail not—I do nothing but my duty. You will not stand at my grave, and never see it with your eyes. Far, far from here, I shall die and gain salvation for us all. I trust in God. He will save me, and release me from the chains of death."

With terror and awe the parents heard their child renounce her life. Her's were no childish words, they flowed from her lips as if the Holy Ghost had been poured out upon her, and blessed with the Apostolic gift of tongues. They knew not how to reply, but bowed their heads before Him, who had filled her youthful breast with such holy desires.

"All gracious Power, it is Thy will!" they both exclaimed. They had grown cold with grief and terror, as they sat erect together in their bed speechless. They cannot express the feelings that rend their hearts. The mother wildly presses her darling child to her breast; the father presently finds words to relieve his breaking heart. "Why, child, if God is in thy heart, then do not care for our griefs." The mother, swelling with grief, was not able to gainsay it.

Then the pure maiden smiled, and hastened at morning's dawn, to the chamber where the rich man slept. She stepped to his couch and said, "My dear lord, say, are you sleeping?" "No, my little wife," said he, "but tell me why came you to day so early?" "I come to bring you relief from your sickness and solace in your woe." "May God reward thee, child—but alas, it cannot be otherwise." Then replied the child, "Upon my faith, no! take heart, and things will change. There is yet one remedy, thou knowest, which thou hast never tried, and which I am ready to administer to thee. Thou said'st, dear sir, that if thou could'st but find a maid, who would die for thee, thou would soon find relief. I will as God is my witness, be that maid. You are of more use than I upon the earth."

The poor man looked with surprise upon the faithful child, as she raised her smiling face to his, and tears fell fast from his eyes, as he answered her. "My sweet child, thou hast given me the comfort of believing thou would help me, if thou could'st. I thank thee, I appreciate the pure heart that swells within thee, but desire from thee nothing more than thou can'st and mayest grant—may the Lord be with thee! for having proved thyself so true to me. I have long given up all hope of finding relief from my disease, I therefore enjoy the more thy kindness.

"But, my little wife, thou knowest not how hard a thing it is to do all thy noble heart desires. Rich sacrifices are quickly rued. This might be the case with thee, if thou should'st see death standing before thee thus, light of heart! No, go my good child, thou hast not considered how hard it is to leave the world, and all we love. Bethink thee, also of the grief thou would'st bring upon thy parents. Can I wish for them to grieve who are so kind to a poor wretch like me? Do thou what thy parents advise, my child, and then thou wilt be spared the bitterness of remorse."

Whilst he thus spoke, smiling, the parents entered, and heard what he said. Though sad and heart-broken, the father calmly spoke: "We cheerfully assent to anything which may bring relief to so good a master. God has chosen this child to atone for you; let his will be done. He has filled her heart with a contempt for life. It is with her no childish fancy. For three days has she besought us to permit her to lay down her life for you. She has finally convinced us that we ought to yield, and we no longer dare refuse her prayers."

When poor Henry saw that the maiden in earnest offered him her life, then there arose in the little room such shrieking and wailing, and such strange contentions on all sides as are rarely witnessed. The rich man would not have the remedy at such a price. The parents, though distressed at the prospects of their child's early death, urged and besought him to avail himself of the sacrifice. The maiden wept at her lord's foolish hesitation.

Thus the good people, vieing with each other in kindness, sat bathed in tears, each dissatisfied and unwilling to yield to the other. The sick man, in silence, veiled his head with his hands, whilst the others quietly besought him in turn. Finally he raised his head, and, with tears coursing from his eyes, thus spoke: "Be it so; now I believe that God's will has wrought on you, and God's will may be done whatever befalls us. He sees my heart, and is my witness that I bow before Him alone, and do not desire that this lovely child should die for me." Then the maiden sprang to him, and clasped both his feet weeping with joy. But the parents bowed their heads, in thanks, and staggered from the chamber, weeping in silence over what they had recognised as the will of God.

Then Lord Henry ordered a silken robe to be made for the faithful maid, such as she had never worn; it was bordered with the finest sable that could be found, and richly adorned with precious stones, which made her appear far more beautiful. A noble steed was brought to bear her far from her friends—to her grave. Smiling, she took the gift. She appeared no longer a foolish child, but a maiden nobly born, stately and august. Her face was overcast with a cheerful earnestness, and wisely she prepares everything for the journey, and consoles the afflicted parents, who quietly move around with reverence, as if she already were enrolled among the angels.

But when the bitter hour of parting came at last, then broke forth afresh their sorrow. How her mother grieved to lose forever the child she once had borne with pain! How did the father groan, when called to say farewell to the child who had bloomed so lovely! It was the maiden's stout heart alone which did not flinch. Her cheerful look, and her sweet words, disarmed their grief. She spoke with the eloquence of an angel, and drove away their gloom. Thus, accompanied by her parents' blessing, she hastens away to meet her death. She went away like a bride, smiling and happy, and not as if she went to the embrace of death.

The devoted maiden, with her afflicted lord, took their way to the distant city of Salerno. On his pale face who now went to get new life were pictured grief, care, and distress; on hers shines the cheerful light of joy. With friendly words and cheerful jest she tries to chase away his grief, and while away the tedious journey.

In due time, the afflicted Prince and his light-hearted companion reached Salerno, and without delay sought out the learned doctor.

They soon found his residence, and made known the purpose of their visit.

Then spake the doctor gloomily: "But this maiden surely does not mean to die for thee. She is too young; she knows not what the terrors of death are. Hast thou not constrained her, Sir Henry, by fear, to offer this sacrifice?"

Then spoke the maiden promptly: "Nay, most learned doctor, not through fear, but most cheerfully I present my poor life to my dear lord, and desire nothing more than his happiness and welfare.

Then the doctor took the maiden into another apartment, which was divided from that in which the prince remained, by a thick wall. When they were there all alone the doctor again asked her if the Prince had in any way improperly influenced her determination, he reminded her of her youth, her beauty, the fascinations of the world of which she was about to deprive herself.

"Bethink thee also," said he, "of the sufferings thou must encounter. Firstly, thou must show thyself bare and naked to my eyes. Great will be thy maiden shame, but still greater will be thy grief when I must bind thee, hands and feet, and then pitilessly cut thy throbbing heart from thy living body. Thou wilt see with thine eyes the deadly knife; thou wilt feel more than the pains of death, until I shall have loosened thy quivering heart. How is it, maid, can'st thou bear it? I shudder myself when I think of the awful process. And if in the torture, thou waverest but a hair's breadth, if thou regrettest the deed but one single instant, thy sufferings will have been all in vain, and thy death an uncompensated calamity. Thou knowest enough—now decide!"

The maiden looks cheerfully upon him and speaks: "My dear sir, I thought of all you told me, long before they brought me here. Yet I thank you, that you told me plainly what is coming. What you have said has made me almost despair, for you seem, too, afraid to carry out the work. It may beseem a woman to show such timidity, but, pardon me, sir, I would fain laugh, that you, with all your skill, have less courage and less strength than a weak girl, whose limbs are racked and life destroyed. If you can undertake to cut, I undertake to suffer. I should not have come to you, if I were not sure of myself, that I can bear what I must, without fear or trembling. Know, dear sir, there is no distress which is not ended by death, and no pain that can be suffered within the span of a day, which my body cannot endure. Should I not give one day, however severe it is, for eternal life? On, then, master, you see I meet my fate gladly, and if you know you can restore my lord's health, and hasten my admission to the joys of eternal life, then do it quickly, and let us see that men call you master truly. The harder the task is for you, the greater will be your heavenly reward. Therefore, do your duty quickly."

Then hastened away the learned doctor, in silence, to the place where he had left the sick lord. "You may take fresh courage; the maiden is attached to you more than to her life. Her affection is indeed no vain allusion. You will be relieved, through her death, from your distress."

The poor Henry sat in agonized abstraction, as if he did not hear the doctor's word, for he made no answer.

The doctor then returned to the maiden, and carefully shut himself up with her, lest Henry might witness what he was about to do. He then asked her to put off her robes. The faithful maiden did as requested, and in a few moments appeared before the gray-haired man as naked as at her birth. Her innocence alone was her only raiment, clothed with which, she was neither afraid nor ashamed.

When the master saw her thus, he said within his heart that no fairer being had ever been seen upon this earth. He was again moved by pity, and his courage almost failed him. Yet he bade her lie down upon a high table, and bound her fast upon it—whereupon he seized with his hand a sharp knife, long and broad. He tried the edge both sides. Though sharp, he desired her sufferings to be as slight as possible, and he therefore seized a stone, and whetted the knife to a yet keener sharpness.

Sir Henry heard with horror the sound of the knife upon the stone, and started up. A wild overpowering compassion for the maid seized his heart; he reflected that he was not to see her living again; he is moved anew by her generous devotion, and hastens to the door of the doctor's room to enter. It is locked. Then from his eyes welled forth hot tears; he feels his heart suddenly changed; a new life is unfolding in his breast. He thinks to himself—shall this pearl of my heart, this sweet, pure peasant maid be dedicated unto death to save my worthless life? Shall I, blind fool, presume to contend with the Most High, and hope to wrest health from his hands? Can I hope to live without him for a single day? If God wills to help me, what need that another die for me? God can cure me if he will. Therefore I will endure patiently and quietly, and not, by new transgressions, enkindle his wrath. The paths of penitence alone lead to his mercy.

Lord Henry was at once resolved, and striking the door with force, called out to the doctor to let him enter. The doctor replied, "This cannot be done; I have a solemn duty to perform, of which you may not be a witness." But Henry cried, "Nay, nay, leave off the awful deed, and hear me!" "For what reason?" replied the doctor from within. "Let me in, I conjure you, replied the sick man, "for the sake of my eternal peace, and I will tell you."

Then came the doctor to the door, and unfastening it, let Lord Henry in. When he saw the maiden lying bound upon the table, a sacrifice for him, he almost sank in death upon the floor. Soon he spoke: "Learned doctor, hear me! This child is so lovely and so noble, that I cannot bear she should die. God's will be done to me; I will give you the reward which I promised, but let the faithful maiden live."

When now the maiden heard and saw that death was not then to be her lot, and when the master loosed her bands, she was sorely aggrieved, tore her hair, and cried piteously. "O, woe is me, poor maid!" she shrieked. "Is there no mercy for me? Have I then lost the blessing which I had promised myself, the rich crown of glory which I had hoped so soon to wear? I was to have died and been happy, I am only ruined. O, shame and disgrace upon ye who have thus exposed and dishonoured me!"

ELSIE.

I came not here
To argue but to die. Your business is not
To question, but to kill me; I am ready.
I am impatient to be gone from here,
Ere any thoughts of earth disturb again
The spirit of tranquility within me.

PRINCE HENRY.

Would I had not come here! Would I were dead
And thou wert in thy cottage in the forest,
And hadst not known me! Why have I done this?
Let me go back and die.

ELSIE.

It cannot be:
Not if these cold, flat stones on which we tread
Were coulters heated white, and yonder gateway
Flamed like a furnace with a sevenfold heat,
I must fulfil my purpose.

PRINCE HENRY.

I forbid it;
Not one step farther. For I only meant
To put thus far thy courage to the proof
It is enough. I too have courage to die,
For thou hast taught me.

ELSIE.

O my Prince! remember
Your promises. Let me fulfil my errand,
You do not look on life and death as I do.
There are two angels, that attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action, closes
His volume and ascends with it to God.
The other keeps the dreadful-day book open
Till sunset that we may repent; which doing
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page,
How if my act be good, as I believe it,
It cannot be recalled. It is already
Sealed up in Heaven as a good deed accomplished,
The rest is yours. Why wait you? I am ready.

To her attendants.

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me,
I shall not feel the pain, but shall begone,
And *you will have another friend in Heaven.*
Then start not at the creaking of the door
Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.
—[*Longfellow's Golden Legend.*

Then began she to pray that they would do as they had promised her; and when she heard again that her wish was denied, she burst forth with increased vehemence upon Lord Henry. "Alas, how has my star of joy gone out! How miserable has your cowardly despondence made me? How have I been belied, how have you deceived me? People said you were honest and good, and had the courage of a man; they spoke untruly; the world is deceived in you; you are weak and faint-hearted; you cannot even look on what a woman is able to suffer. How did you know that I was tied? This thick wall was here between us. Ah, my dear lord, you know that through me your health can be restored, then let the sacrifice go on; you will soon find a second, who will do as much for you. I love you more than I do myself—your life more than my own; then take pity upon me and grant my prayer."

Despite her prayers, Lord Henry was inflexible. He desired her to put on her dress, which she did, gradually ceasing her lamentations. He gave the physician his reward, and departed with the maiden for his native land. Although he knew that new disgrace was awaiting him, and mockery, he bore himself patiently, for he felt that God had, for wise purposes, inflicted his mortifications upon him.

Thus it happened, through the instrumentality of the pious maiden, that he was freed from a disease worse than that from which his body had pained. His proud and hardened heart, overbearing and vain-glorious, was quite laid low; a higher good than he had ever lost, he now found; the cheerfulness of a Christian temper, which trusts in God, and yields to his always wise dispensations, with resignation and awe.

The poor maiden, on the other hand, was wholly absorbed in grief. She was confused, embarrassed, and much distracted. Her trust in God seemed to have been converted into shame and mockery. She prayed, without ceasing, for her deliverance from these unhappy and sinful emotions.

Thus, at the end of the first day's journey, the maiden and Lord Henry arrived at the hotel. They walked separately to their respective chambers. The knight thanked God that He had purified his heart, and through trial and through sorrow had freed him from all vanity. The maiden threw herself upon her knees, and begged God to make her know why He had not graciously received her with her gift, as she had nothing but her poor naked life to give him. As she finished her prayer, she exclaimed: "Alas, I am not pure enough to be Thine, oh Holy One! Then purify, oh God, my heart, and let me not die in pain. Give to me, oh Father, a sign that I shall yet succeed, one day, in gaining thy grace, if I shall stay on earth."

And God, who looks into the heart, and who forsakes none that trust in Him, saw, with gracious pity, the bitter distress of the two contrite supplicants, and listened to their prayers. He, who gladly comforts His own, when they weep, freed these pious penitents from all their griefs. Whilst Henry was sleeping in his chamber, his disease all passed away, and he stepped forth on the following morning, clean and whole, before the maid. Her heart's sorrow disappeared, when she saw this change. She gazed on him steadily, and then sank down upon her knees and called out: "The Lord be praised, He has shown us great mercy. Gladly now do I accept my life again, for he hath given it back to me."

Sir Henry rode home with a bounding heart. With every succeeding day returns to him some new attraction of youth; his face recovers its bloom, and his whole person becomes more than ever attractive. To all his old friends who had befriended him and been kind to him, he sends tidings of his restoration.

When they heard the news, they all came in crowds, some riding and some walking, to welcome him. They hardly trusted their eyes when they beheld him. He appeared like one risen from the dead. The honest peasant who had attended upon him, and tilled his farm so faithfully, with his tender-hearted wife, were not the last to offer their congratulations. What was their surprise when they entered, expecting to see Prince Henry only, to behold standing by his side their maiden daughter, more blooming and joyful than ever. She sprang towards her parents, and clasped them, by turn, in her arms, screaming with joy. They kissed her over and over while she narrated the marvels of her escape, and of Prince Henry's recovery.

The honest Suabians, among whom the Prince had distributed his fortune, now returned to him whatever they had received, and thus enabled him to recover his honours and titles, which once belonged to him. But he never forgot the miracle which God's grace and power had wrought upon his heart, as well as upon his body.

He did not forget the faithful peasant family who had attended upon him in his days of affliction. He gave them the house and farm, with all the stock upon it, as a free gift, thus making them free and independent of every other master forever. To the lovely daughter he made numerous and costly presents.

Thus passed away another year, when his friends pressed him to choose for himself a wife from among the nobility of the land, and bring her home to preside in his palace. To them, thus replied the Prince: "I like your counsel, and will follow it." He immediately sent out, and called all his vassals to assemble, that he might consult with them, and learn what he would best do.

When they were all gathered together, in great numbers, Henry stood before them, and spake: "Gentlemen: I have meditated upon your request, and am disposed to comply with it, and take to me a wife. I have invited you to help me in making a suitable selection." Then they began to counsel him, every one, however, advising differently. When Prince Henry had heard them sufficiently, he thus spoke:

"Gentlemen, will you answer me this question: Ye all know, how, a short time since, I was afflicted. How people shunned me as an object of loathing and disgust, which I was. Since then, through God's Providence, I am cured, and now neither men nor women avoid me. Now advise me how I shall best testify my thanks to God."

Then all said, without hesitation, "You ought, in words and in thoughts, to give yourself wholly to God."

Then spake the Prince: "Listen to me; you behold this lovely maiden who stands beside me, 'tis she to whom, under God, I owe my present happiness. God saw her purity and exalted virtue, to reward which, in answer to her prayers, he gave me back my youthful health and vigour. This maid, therefore, have I chosen to be my wife, with God's leave. If I cannot obtain her, no woman shall ever hold me in her arms. I pray you to give your approval to my choice."

When this announcement was made, all farther counselling was at an end; each gentleman being well pleased with the decision to which Prince Henry had arrived.

A priest was not wanting to solemnize the marriage, and, in a very short time, he had made the sweet maiden Prince Henry's lawful wife, in joy and in sorrow, and had pronounced God's blessing on the noble pair.

Both, with pious and grateful hearts, lived many years, and were finally gathered into the kingdom of heaven.

May the same lot come one day to all of us!

To the reward which they received, may God help us! Amen!

B. R.

JOHN STERLING.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
TENNYSON'S "*In Memoriam.*"

JOHN STERLING, for causes which Archdeacon Hare does not clearly state, but which Carlyle in a rather mystical way indicates, left his curacy at Herstmonceux, and removed to London, where he took a house at Bayswater. At this time he was, in personal appearance, thin and careless-looking—his eyes kindly, but restless in their glances—his features animated and brilliant when talking—and he was always full of bright speech and argument. He did not give you the idea of ill-health: indeed his life seemed to be bounding, and full of vitality; his whole being was usually in full play; it was his vehemence and rapidity of life which struck one on first seeing him.

Carlyle says, that he *wore holes* in the outer case of his body, by this restless vitality, which could not otherwise find vent. He seems now to have been in the thick of doubts and mental discussions—probing the foundations of his faith—and, it is to be suspected, losing one by one the pillars on which it had rested. It is a terrible "valley of the shadow of death," this which so many young minds have to pass through in these days of restless inquiry into all subjects—religious, social and political. As Shelley writes:

If I have erred, there was no joy in error,
But pain, and insult, and unrest, and terror.

Sterling's views began to diverge more and more from those formerly held by him, yet this never interfered with a single one of his friendships. Tolerant and charitable, there was an agreement to differ: and certainly it is better for men to differ openly and honestly, than hypocritically to agree and conform—even for "peace's sake." And why should men quarrel about such matters, respecting which no one man can have more positive or certain knowledge than any other man!

What am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry!
TENNYSON.

Sterling read many German books at this time, such as Tholuch and Schleiermacher, from which he diverged into Goethe and Jean Paul Richter. But his health was still delicate, and a residence in the south of France was determined on. He went to Bordeaux accordingly, and, while there, his "theological tumult" decidedly abated. "Tholuck, Schleiermacher and the war of articles and rubrics," says Carlyle, "were left in the far distance; Nature's blue skies, and awful eternal verities, were once more around one, and small still voices, admonitory of many things, could in the beautiful solitude freely reach the heart. Theologies, rubrics, surplices, church-articles, and this enormous, ever-repeated thrashing of the straw? A world of rotten straw: thrashed all into powder; filling the universe, and blotting out the stars and worlds. Heaven pity you, with such a thrashing-floor for world, and its draggled dirty farthing candle for sun! There is surely other worship possible for the heart of man; there should be other work, or none at all, for the intellect and creative faculty of man!"

Sterling set about working at various literary enterprises. Poetry occupied his attention, and while at Bordeaux, he wrote *The Sextons's Daughter*; he also stored up a number of notes and memoranda respecting Montaigne, whose old country house he visited, and these shortly after appeared, in a very able article from his pen, in the *London and Westminster Review*. After a year's stay, he returned to England again, and engaged himself in writing occasional articles for *Blackwood's Magazine*. His health being still delicate, he wintered at Madeira in 1837; speaking of it in one of his letters, he says that, "as a temporary refuge, a niche in an old ruin, where one is sheltered from the shower, the place has great merit." He continued writing papers for *Blackwood*, of which the best was the "Onyx Ring." Wilson early recognised Sterling's merit as a writer, and lavished great storms of praise upon him in his editorial comments. He seems to have possessed the gift of literary improvising, to a great extent. He was a swift genius—Carlyle likened him to "sheet-lightning." He had an incredible facility of labour, flashing with most piercing glance into a subject, and throwing his thoughts upon it together upon paper with remarkable felicity, brilliancy, and general excellence. While at Madeira, Sterling busied himself with reading Goethe, of whom he gives the following striking opinion, in many respects true: "There must, as I think, have been some prodigious defect in his mind, to let him hold such views as his about women and some other things; and in another respect, I find so much coldness and hollowness as to the highest truths, and feel so strongly that the heaven he looks up to is *but a vault of ice*—that these two indications, leading to the same conclusion, go far to convince me he was a profoundly immoral and irreligious spirit, with as rare faculties of intelligence as ever belonged to any one."

His health improved by Madeira, he returned to England, still fragile, but radiant with cheerfulness; "both his activity and his composure he bore with him, through all weathers, to the final close; and on the whole, right manfully he walked his wild stern way towards the goal, and like a Roman wrapt his mantle round him when he fell." He went on writing for *Blackwood*, contributing the *Hymns of a Hermit*, *Crystals from a Cavern*, *Thoughts and Images*, and other papers of this sort. Then he engaged as contributor to the *London and Westminster Review*, for which he wrote several fine papers. The raw, winter air of England proving too much his weak lungs, he went abroad again—this time to Italy—where he revelled in its picture galleries, and collections of fine art. He did not like the religious aspect of things there, and spoke freely about it. He was home again in 1839, considerably improved in health; but still he continued to lead a nomadic life, for the sake of his health. Now at Hastings, then at Clifton; and again he had to fly before worse symptons than had yet shown themselves—spitting of blood and such like, taking flight, late in the season, for Madeira. But when he reached Falmouth, the weather was so rough that he could not set sail, so he rested there for the winter, the mild climate suiting his feeble lungs better than Clifton had done. By this time, during his residence in the last-named place, he had written his fine paper on *Carlyle*, for the *Westminster Review*, and also published a little volume of poems, containing some noble pieces. Carlyle speaks in rather a slighting strain of poetry in general, and has a strong dislike to what he calls "the fiddling talent." "Why *sing*," he asks, "your bits of thoughts, if you can contrive to speak them? By your *thought*, not by your mode of delivering it, you must live or die." Besides, he denies to Sterling that indispensable quality of successful poetry—depth of *tune*; his verses "had a monotonous rub-a-dub, instead of tune; no trace of music deeper than that of a well-beaten drum." This opinion we think decidedly wrong, even though Carlyle be the critic. Let any one read Sterling's *Dædalus*, and they will be satisfied of his tunefulness, as well as his true poetic feeling. We know no verses fuller of music